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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Campaigning

If the electors are feeling slightly bewildered by the manner in which the Urban Council election campaign has so far been conducted, it is hardly surprising. Red herrings are not exactly at a premium! To date the public has heard about rents, constitutional reform, the rights of the workers, and so on, but very little, if anything, about the Urban Council, to which body candidates are offering themselves for election. As neither rent control, constitutional reform nor the civic rights and privileges of the workers come within the practical purview of the Urban Council, they are, to say the least, irrelevant. Plenty of scope exists for a brisk and thought-provoking campaign without individuals resorting to personalities. In this particular election the voters are interested in what the candidates propose to do about their job as Urban Councillors: whether they possess sound and constructive ideas about matters such as health and sanitation, squatter resettlement, social welfare services, and the like.

THERE are no political issues involved in the election; they can exist only in the minds of candidates. The desire of elected members to make the Council a public forum is not to be desired. Intelligent and informative debates would be warmly welcomed by the general public. But it remains an inescapable fact that an Urban Councillor who is serving the interests of the community to the utmost of his ability has to do much more than make effective speeches or put penetrating questions before the Council. He has to measure up to the demands of thankless and unspectacular routine committee work, and it is here that his judgment is fully tested. To bring about a widening of the powers and functions of the Urban Council may be an admirable aim, but an appeal to the voters for election must include other assurances. In fact, the simplest promise the electors require is that a candidate will do his best to function as a member of the Urban Council, having in mind at all times the interest and welfare of the community.

RECORD YEAR FOR H.K. AT B.I.F.

Total Of 560 Enquiries

TRADE OUTLOOK BRIGHTENED

(From Our Own Correspondent)

London, May 8.

The last trade enquiry was recorded at the Hongkong British Industries Fair stand half an hour after the official closing time this evening.

It was from a Finnish buyer and brought the number of enquiries during the whole period of the Fair up to 560. This was 10 more than last year and established a new record for the amount of business done on the Colony's stand in six years at the B.I.F.

With a quarter of an hour to go before closing time, the Hongkong stand needed two more serious trade enquiries to equal last year's record. During the last 15 minutes six were recorded but buyers continued to arrive on the stand even after the Fair had officially closed.

Finally, at 4.30 this evening, the last enquiry was listed and the Hongkong trade representatives decided to call it a day.

Besides the enquiries actually recorded for transmission to Hongkong a great many more were dealt with on the stand.

Altogether 1,200 Hongkong B.I.F. directories and commercial guides were given to bona fide buyers and thousands of questions concerning Hongkong products were answered by the Colony's trade representatives.

One of the questions put most frequently by members of the public was where certain Hongkong goods could be bought in this country.

Summing up the Colony's hopes of increased trade from business contacts made at the B.I.F., Mr. F. G. A. Grimwood, Director of the Hongkong Government office in London, said Hongkong should benefit enormously provided local industries were able to obtain repeat orders for their goods.

Only guarantee of subsequent business following an initial order, he said, was quality. Local industries must take trade enquiries seriously and ensure that the goods they shipped were equal in quality to the samples they submitted.

"Reputation is something which should not need refutation," Mr. Grimwood continued. "Hongkong can become either a universal provider or a parochial failure. The quality of shipments will decide which it is to be."

Despite reports from some exhibitors that interest among buyers at this year's B.I.F. has been much below expectations, figures published by the Board of Trade today show that more people have visited the Fair than last year.

Up to yesterday 5,500 overseas buyers had passed through the turnstiles at Earls Court which housed the Commonwealth section. This was 500 more than for the same period in 1952.

The number of home buyers was also well up on last year's figure.

But the greatest improvement in attendance has of course been in the number of public visitors. The Fair was open to the public every afternoon, resulting in an almost twofold increase in numbers attending.

BRITAIN'S DEFICIT

Llandrindod Wells, May 8.

Britain's trade deficit worsened further in April, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, disclosed here tonight.

Speaking to the Industrial Association of Wales and Monmouth he said provisional figures showed the deficit of £200,000,000 in April compared with a monthly average for the first quarter of this year of £25,000,000.

In March alone the deficit was £22,000,000, he added.

DEATH OF CHILD SWIMMER

Father Says Girl Was Injured In 33-ft Dive

Miami, May 8.

Russell Tongay today tearfully denied that he gave his five-year-old "Water Baby" Kathy a fatal beating and declared that her injuries resulted from a dive from a 33-foot platform.

"I hold myself responsible for my daughter's death," Tongay told local reporters. "I told the police I did not give Kathy a whipping on Tuesday. I told them she was hurt in a high dive but they would not listen."

His wife Mrs. Better Tongay, a school teacher, was present at the interview just before the husky 35-year-old swimming instructor surrendered to face a second degree murder charge. The warrant was served on him at the Court House.

Mrs. Tongay said she "spanked" Kathy on Tuesday but "it wasn't much of a whipping. Just the kind any parents give when their children don't mind."

"I want everyone to know that I share responsibility for anything that has happened," Mrs. Tongay said. "I wanted the children to swim just like Russ did."

Tongay, who is deaf, broke in to say he had never been cruel to his five-year-old daughter. He said he had never been cruel to his five-year-old daughter. He said he had never been cruel to his five-year-old daughter.

Tongay was taken before Judge Marshall C. Wisheart who quashed a habeas corpus writ which went to the 19th floor of the Court House where he was fingerprinted and booked on a second degree murder charge.

Within 25 minutes US\$45,000 bail was posted (£1,750) and he was released.

Mrs. Tongay accompanied him frequently holding his hand. A preliminary hearing was set for June 2 before Judge Edwin Lee Mason. Mr. Louis J. Jephew, Tongay's lawyer said he probably would ask for a postponement until June 7 because of other business.

His release on bail will permit Tongay to attend Kathy's funeral at Bayside Memorial Park, Florida, West Coast near Tampa where the family once lived while Tongay was a coast-guardman. Their first child Russell is buried there.

Detective Charles A. Sapp of the Miami Homicide Bureau said an autopsy report showed that the five-year-old Kathy who had swum before she could walk died on Wednesday from a ruptured intestine caused by a blow.

In 1949 Tongay was acquitted on charges of maltreating Kathy. Mrs. W. T. Margaret filed a complaint saying she saw the father strike the child and throw her to the floor of a car. Tongay today denied the charge.

Kathy had attended swimming practice as usual on Wednesday but on returning home complained she saw the father strike the child and throw her to the floor of a car. Tongay today denied the charge.

Police quoted a neighbour of the Tongays Mr. Rodney Sawyer as saying in a statement that he heard Kathy being spanked on Tuesday night and pleading "Please don't."

Tongay, an ex-coastguard, taught his children—Kathy and her brother Bubba—about a year

Peasant Runs Amok

Kills Four People; Wounds 2 Others

Naples, May 8.

Two hundred police tonight searched the swampy countryside around Villa Literno near here for a young peasant who killed four people and gravely wounded two others in a wild shooting spree.

Police had not yet managed to establish the motive for the bloodbath—the second mass murder to take place in Italy within 24 hours.

Some reports said the killer ran amok when his brother upbraided him for molesting a girl working on his farm. Other reports said the brother criticised him for laziness.

The name of the slayer was given as Salvatore Campolongo, 22, of San Cipriano Aversa. The man began yesterday when the man was seven the police pumped several pistol bullets into his brother who was near death today.

He then made off but returned during the night. He broke into a cottage and killed two men. Dashing out he made for another cottage where he killed a watchman and gravely wounded another man.

He then broke into a house two miles from the village and shot a man through the head killing him.

In a final burst of fury he shot a cow and a horse before fleeing into the swamps.

Four victims of another orgy of slaughter were buried today at the village of Spigno Saturnia, 50 miles south of Rome.

Last Wednesday a 31-year-old man killed his sweetheart, his elderly rival in love and a priest and blew his own brains out in the vestry of the parish church of the mountain hamlet.

—Reuter.

Explosion Shakes North Hollywood

Hollywood, May 8.

A mysterious explosion shook North Hollywood today.

Residents reported a loud noise and shock early in the morning. Local newspaper offices were swamped with telephone enquiries.

—Reuter.

TODAY'S RACING SELECTIONS

By "Rapier"	By "The Turf"
RACE 1	RACE 1
Gracchus Bonnie Eyes Fortune Teller Outsider: Chief Witness.	Ironsides Chief Witness Gladiolus Outsider: Magic Bow.
RACE 2	RACE 2
No Regrets Pegasus Liberty Ship Outsider: Pleasant Valley.	Queen Helen No Regrets Diana Outsider: Lucky Strike.
RACE 3	RACE 3
Double Coin Windermere Good Bay Outsider: Boylight.	Home Sweet Home Double Coin Baylight Outsider: Gay Genius.
RACE 4	RACE 4
Johnner Fire-Glo Ben Lomond Outsider: Aviemore.	Fire-Glo Ben More Aviemore Outsider: Straight Forward.
RACE 5	RACE 5
Clonfeckle Cinderella Maricella Outsider: Norseman.	Clonfeckle Maricella Skylark Outsider: Kentucky Lad.
RACE 6	RACE 6
Hallmark Jip On Monetary Fund Outsider: Same Again.	Hallmark Outsider: Same Again. Scrub.
RACE 7	RACE 7
Beautiful Star Harmony Hiram C Outsider: Avoca.	Beautiful Star Marine Charger Harmony Outsider: Hiram C.
RACE 8	RACE 8
Fleetmaster Solar Knight Blossom Time Outsider: Air Power.	Fleetmaster Solar Knight Blossom Time Outsider: Probabilty.
RACE 9	RACE 9
Ben Macdhuil Debutante Conqueror Outsider: Rose Emma.	Ben Macdhuil Debutante Conqueror Outsider: Cleopatra.
RACE 10	RACE 10
Powerhouse Exquisite Love Heliophyte Outsider: Busy Bee.	Powerhouse Green Velvet Exquisite Love Outsider: Busy Bee.

Counter-Proposals By UN At Panmunjom Likely

Panmunjom, May 9.

Allied counter-proposals to the new Communist eight-point plan for a settlement of the war prisoners repatriation issue are expected when United Nations and Communist negotiators meet this morning to resume their armistice talks.

Washington is understood to consider some of the Communist points are "unacceptable."

One of these is that the fate of prisoners unwilling to be repatriated should be decided by a political conference within four months after the signing of an armistice.

The Washington view is that this would mean the indefinite imprisonment of the unwilling prisoners and would lead to pressure being placed on them to persuade them to change their minds and agree to return to Communist China and North Korea.

Another point which has caused some concern in America is the proposal to admit troops of Czechoslovakia and Poland to South Korea to carry out the decisions of the neutral commission of five Powers suggested by the Communists to take custody of the prisoners.

Poland and Czechoslovakia have been nominated by the Communists to serve on the commission.

United States officials fear that these European Communist troops would be in a position to use some form of pressure to persuade unwilling Communist prisoners to return to their homelands.

White House officials also maintained silence on President Eisenhower's special conference on Thursday, which was attended by the Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of Defense, Mr. Charles Wilson, and their advisers.

Mr. Michael McDermott, State Department spokesman, refused to comment on the Communist proposals except to say that they had been received and were being studied. Replying to a question, he said he did not know at now instructions had been sent to General Mark Clark in Tokyo.

United States newspapers reported that the Government had sent a message asking for the General's reactions. They also reported that the United Nations Command was likely to be told to make counter-proposals today.

—Reuter.

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LEMON HART RUM

THE RUM with a WORLD WIDE REPUTATION



LEMON HART is an ideal summer drink. Try one measure in a tumbler, add fruit juice, slices of lemon, ice and top up with soda. Do not forget that LEMON HART is also highly recommended for coughs and colds.

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By Terence Rattigan

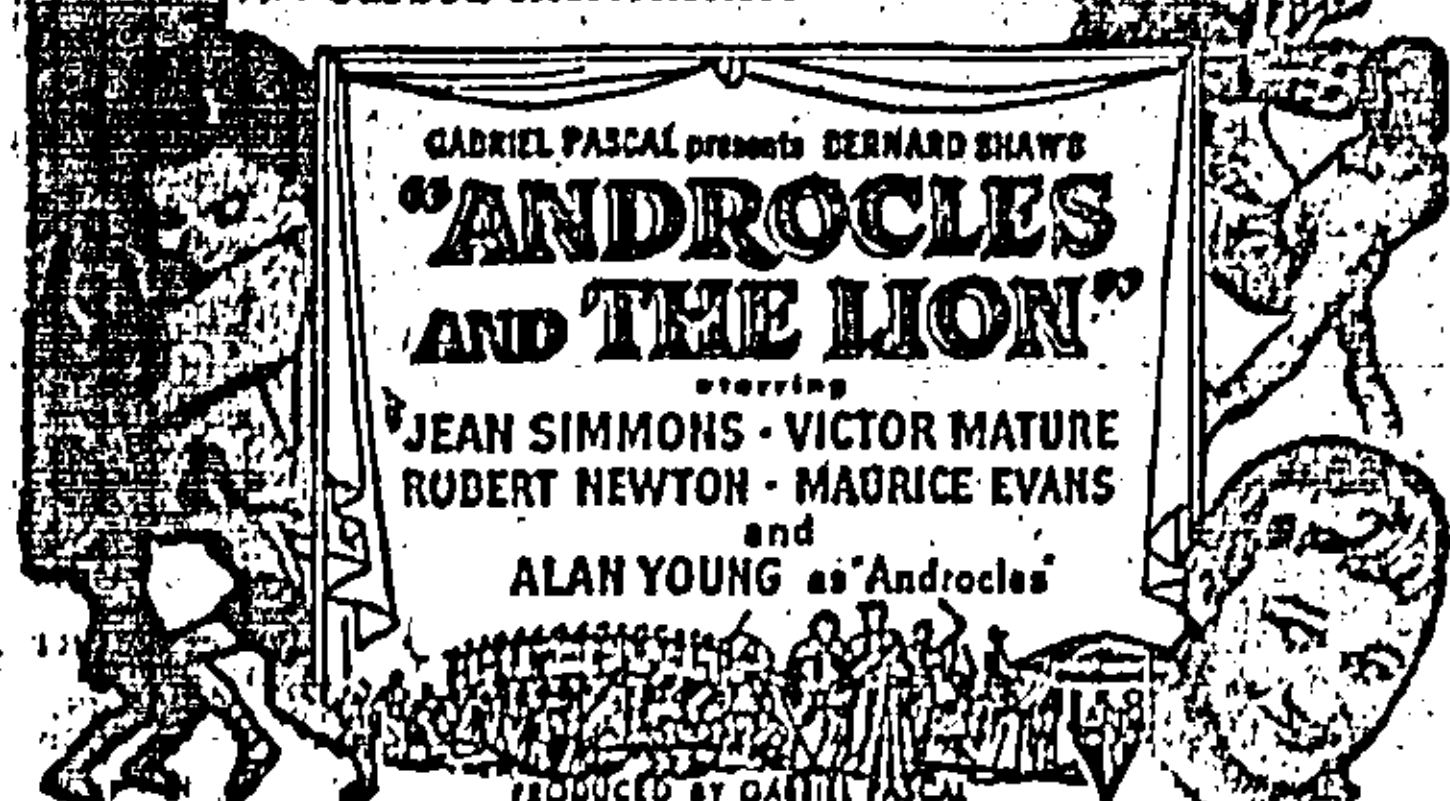
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Reservations Tel: 27880

SHOWING TO-DAY **KING'S MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW
KING'S AT 11.30 A.M. | MAJESTIC AT 12 NOON

SPECTACLE! ROMANCE! COMEDY!
— only the screen could show Shaw's greatest!

Proud pagan Rome... with all its splendor, laughter, un-curbed excitement!



Also Latest Paramount News at KING'S
"ALLIED POWS FREED FROM RED CAMPS" etc., etc.

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AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

EXTRA PERFORMANCE ON SUNDAY
CAPITOL at 12.00 noon || LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

NEW! THE PRISONER OF ZENDA
FIRST TIME IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
STEWART GRANGER
DEBORAH KERR
LOUIS CALHOUN JANE GREER
LEWIS STONE ROBERT DOUGLAS
JAMES ELLISON
OF RUPT OF HENTZAU
JOHN L. BALDERSTON JR. NOEL LANGLOIS
Produced by RICHARD THORPE
Directed by PANDRO S. BERNHEIM
A M.G.M. Picture

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The Steel Trap
JOSEPH COTTEN
TERESA WRIGHT
Released by 20th Century-Fox
A GARY FILMS Production

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 12.00 Noon
ROXY BROADWAY
A SELECTED PROGRAMME
OF TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
Presented by
20th Century-Fox
At Special Reduced Prices
\$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 cts.
Special Children's Show
Latest 20th Century-Fox
Technicolor Cartoons
Reduced Admissions:
\$1.20 & 70 cts.

SHOWING TO-DAY **Cathay** AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE TRUE STORY! THE REAL THING!
WITH ANIMATE FAIRY TALES
A FAMILY FILM FOR YOUNG AND OLD ALIKE!

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN
ALSO: SYMPHONIE EN BLANC
A TREAT TO LOVERS OF ART!
FIRST RUN IN HONGKONG AND KOWLOON

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



Hollywood's Scissor Men Are Hard At Work

By JENNIFER JONES

Hollywood, Spring, besides headlining daffodils and Easter bunnies, has this week been affecting the censors.

The above gentlemen, armed with the most vicious style in scissors, have been busier than they've ever been before. What is more, by the way things are going it looks as though they won't give up when the Spring fever has passed. By mid-summer you'll have difficulty in finding so much as a "damn" in any production from this celluloid city.

Not that the censors are getting it all their own way.

Speaking for film-goers everywhere, the National Council on Freedom from Censorship is doing its best to blunt the snipping of the censor men. Chief outcry of the NCF is against an attempt to censor not only major pictures (which may need it) but also library and school documentaries which most certainly don't and couldn't offend anyone.

The battle isn't surprising. A chief censor gets over \$2,000 a year—and even censors have to justify their existence. Hence the Spring fever with the scissors!

Barons and Dames
Get ready to see Robert Taylor, Stewart Granger and Michael

Widow as barons—with Greer Garson, Deborah Kerr and Elizabeth Taylor as "dames" (old English version) in a little technicolor production called "Magna Carta." Yes, it's in 3-D!

I met FRED ASTAIRE shopping at the Beverly Hills Five-and-Ten (Marks & Spencers to you). "My next picture? I'm not sure. For the time being I'm going to take a holiday at the ranch, then go East to look at my dancing schools." Fred has 80 of them. Some look, some business!

STAR
TO-DAY ONLY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

With A Song In My Heart
TECHNICOLOR
HAROLD CALHOUN WATTIE RUTHER
情淚心聲

10. S. LUXURY LINER
11. M. That Forsyte Woman
12. T. Fiesta
13. W. Song of Love
14. T. Take me Out to the Ball Game
15. F. O. Henry's Full House
16. S. The Snows of Kilimanjaro

GREAT WORLD
NOW LOON

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The ONE and ONLY 3-D Show in Fabulous Technicolor!

3-D
On The Stage
"THE NANYANG TROUPE"
Featuring by ACROBATS & MAGICIANS.
STERILISED GLASSES ON LOAN WITHOUT CHARGE
AT USUAL ADMISSION PRICES!

★ TO-MORROW ★

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
JACK HAWKINS
The PLANTERS WIFE
ANTHONY STEEL
MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 P.M.
WALT DISNEY'S TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 cts.

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AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. **QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA** AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY

THE MOTION PICTURE THAT REACHES DEEP INSIDE YOU...

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
The Miracle of Fatima
WARNERCOLOR

QUEEN'S: — 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW —
Extra Performance At 11.30 a.m.

ORIENTAL
AIR-CONDITIONED

5 SHOWS TODAY
AT 12.30, 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

WE ASSURED YOU IT'S A VERY GOOD 3-D FEATURE PICTURE WITH A VERY EXCITING STORY FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE FINISH! PLEASE COME EARLY!

TERROR STRIKES IN 3-DIMENSION
YOU are in the picture in 3-D!
MAN IN THE DARK
Edmund GIBSON - Andy TUTTEN
A Columbia Picture

POLAROID VIEWERS
Viewers are required to see this picture, they are on sale at our Box Offices at cost price 80 cents per pair. Viewers can be used for other 3-D films.

Complete 3-D equipment are supplied and installed by Wintex Co. of Asia.

LEE-PRINCESS

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
(Please Note Change of Times)

CAN IT EVER BE "BAD"...
to love like Carrie did?
Olivier Jones
WILLIAM WYLLIS
Carrie
MIRIAM HOPKINS - EDDIE ALBERT
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM WYLLIS
Screenplay by RUTH and AUGUSTUS CRUTE
From the American Classic
SISTER CARRIE, by THEODORE DREISER
A Paramount Picture

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE at 11.30 a.m.
Columbia presents
3 STOOGES COMEDIES
3 COLOUR CARTOONS
PROGRAMME
PRINCESS at 11.15 a.m.
RKO Radio presents
TARZAN'S SAVAGE FURY

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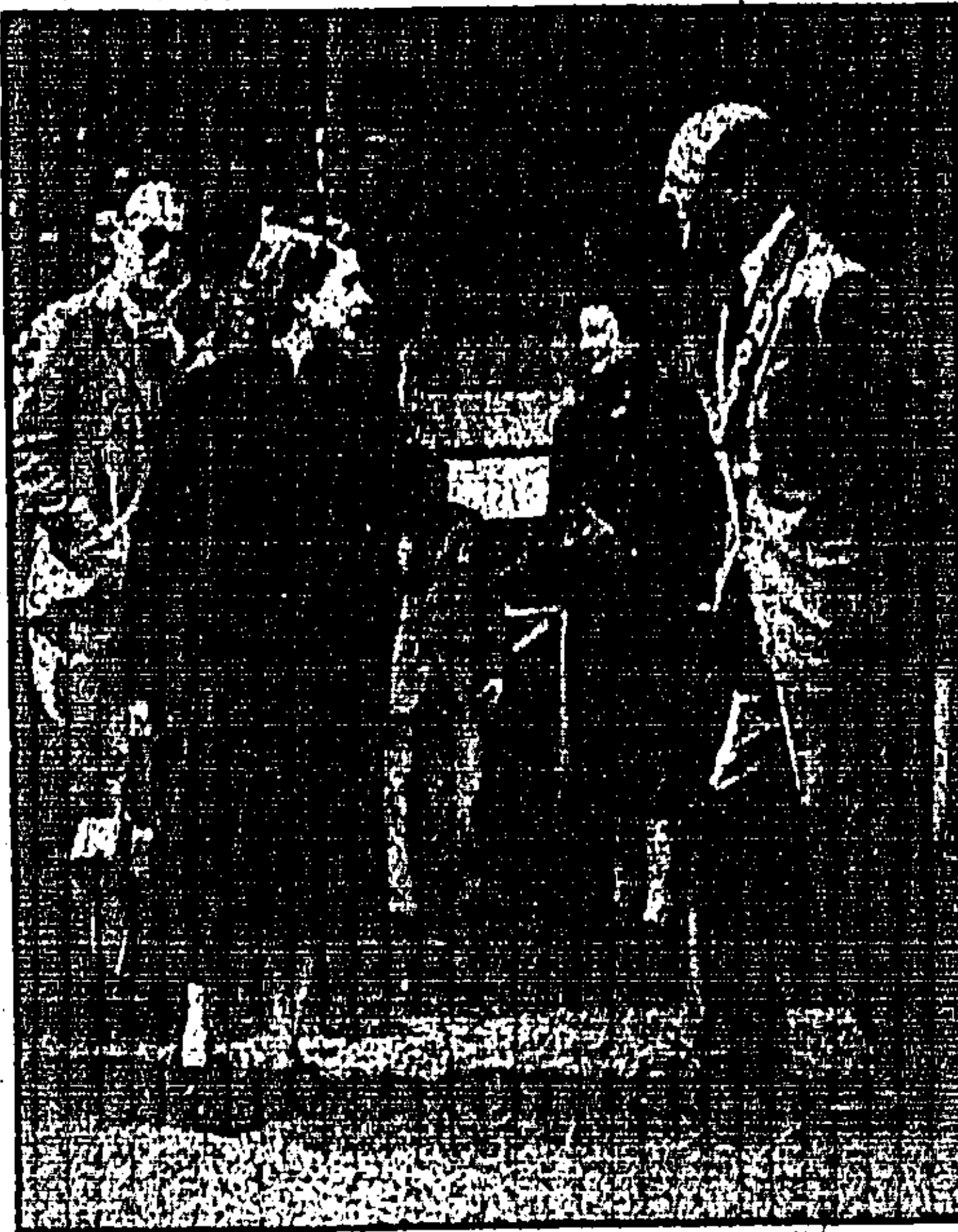
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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THE WORLD'S FIRST FULL-LENGTH FEATURE IN 3 DIMENSIONS
BLACK-BUTTON PRINCE
Presented by David Allen

Polaroid Viewers are sold at our Booking Office at cost price of 80 cents per pair, OR RENTED at 20 cents a pair per show.

Next Change: "LONG DARK HALL"

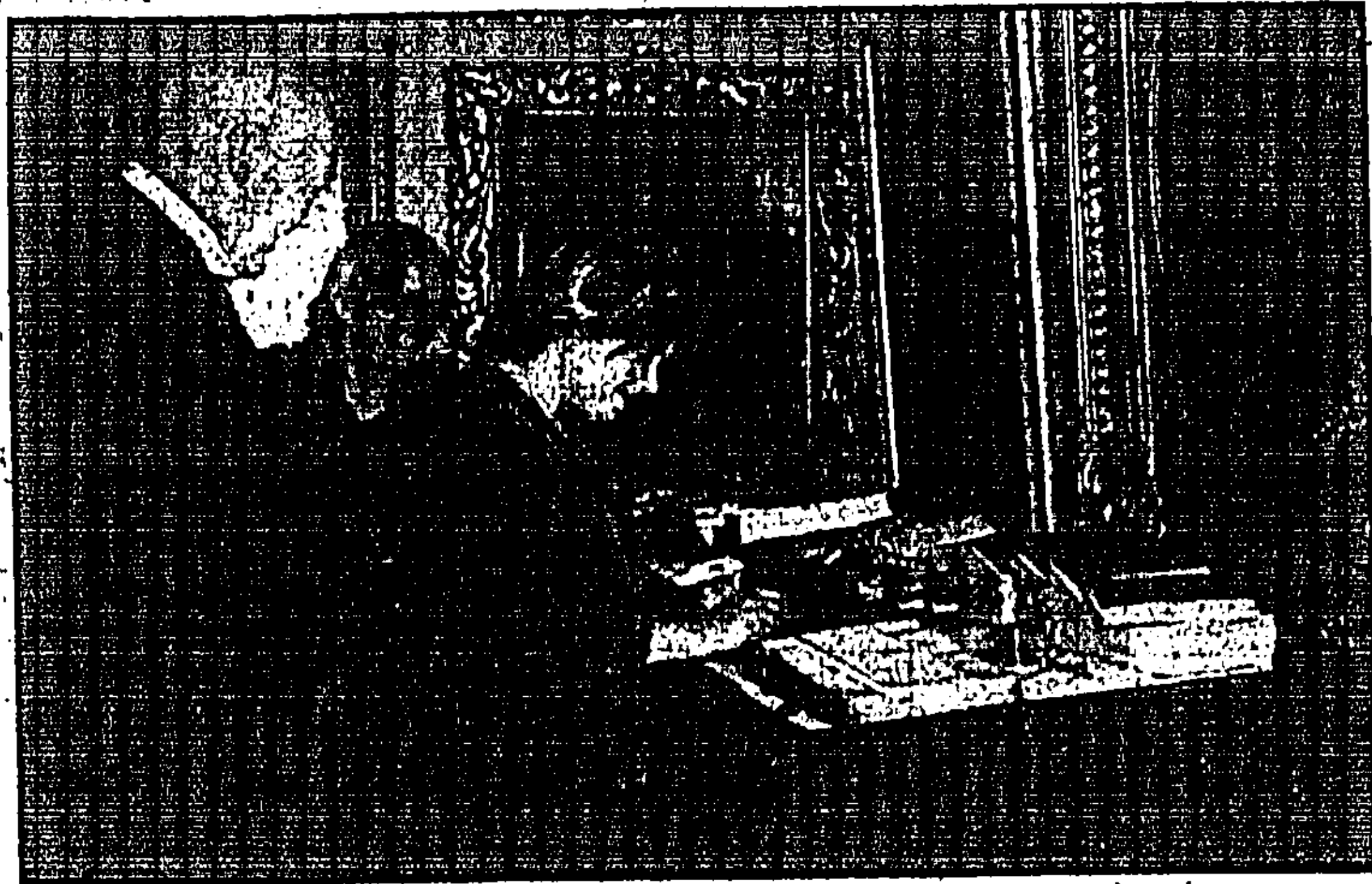
• HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN at Badminton to watch the Olympic Horse Trials. With her are the Duke of Edinburgh (left), the Duchess of Gloucester, and the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse, on whose estate the trials were being held. (Express)



PRINCE AKIHITO, 19-year-old heir to the throne of Japan, making a short speech aboard the liner Queen Elizabeth on his arrival at Southampton from America. The Prince is representing his father at the Coronation. (Express)



THE Queen Mother is pictured here signing the visitor's book when she reopened a picture gallery at Dulwich College. (Express)



MRS Patricia Ford, 31, is Britain's newest Member of Parliament. She has just experienced her first all-night sitting in the House of Commons. Her husband, Mr David Montague Ford, is a director of a Manchester paper-making firm. (Express)



SIR Winston and Lady Churchill are seen at the Conservative Women's National Advisory Committee's conference, held at the Central Hall, Westminster. (Express)



LORD DOWDING, who was 71 the other day, seen with his wife at their home in Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells. The Air Marshal was the man who trained "The Few," then led them to victory in the Battle of Britain. (Express)



AUSTRALIAN cricketers at the dinner following their match with East Molesey at the Mitre Hotel, Hampton Court. In top picture, Lindsay Hassett (right) is explaining, with a matchbox, the right and wrong ways to hold a ball. Watching him are the Duke of Beaufort and Arthur Morris, also a member of the team. Lower picture shows Keith Miller demonstrating how he holds his bat to Mr Clement Attlee. (Express)



ENJOYING themselves in the dry land yacht are (left to right) Dennis Compton, the cricketer, Lady Tarbat, Mrs Robert Dean and Miss Gillean Blunt-Mackenzie. Scene was at the Lords Taverners Ball, in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. (Express)



THE dance is called a Hopak. The couple in national costume come from the Ukraine. They were taking part in a display of folk dancing at the Albert Hall. More than 300 people from 15 countries took the floor. (Express)

NANCY

And Spotty

By Ernie Bushmiller



HE MADE A LAST GAMBLE

From Ernest Ashwick

Lausanne.
A MAN who 40 years ago was known as the world's greatest gambler and who won and lost fortunes in a night's play has lost his last gamble.

He bet a nurse who was looking after him that he would live until May. He was buried in the last week of April at Lausanne.

His name was Nicholas Zographos. He was 67. Nicholas, who first saw the light of day in Greece, left his homeland when still a youth, for Monte Carlo, the glittering lights and the big money.

He got a job at the Monte Carlo casino and rapidly made his way up to the chair of croupier. Watching other people win and lose fortunes at the wheel or on the turn of a card started Nicholas off on a life of gambling.

He left Monte Carlo with his pockets filled with money that he had earned, or won playing baccarat in the early hours of the morning with friends after the casino had closed.

Went To Play

He went to Deauville, but not to work. He went to play. Night after night gay Nicholas would be at the roulette tables or at the baccarat tables, and night after night he won.

He soon became well known to the employees of the casino, and he always gave enormous tips to them—in remembrance of the time when he himself thanked the clerks for the francs they put in the employees' box.

The rich and the mighty from all over the world who spent time and lots of money in the casinos of Europe knew Nicholas well. His name became a byword in the gambling rooms of France and Italy.

His courage and his luck always seemed to hold, and the fabulous Nicholas Zographos was always in funds and ready to lend a thousand francs or so to employees of the casino, but refused flatly to lend one single franc to any other gambler.

He was always ready to bet on anything; fine weather, the movements of a fly, the type of cigarette an unknown client was smoking. Everything was a reason to bet to this man, who earned the title of the world's greatest gambler.

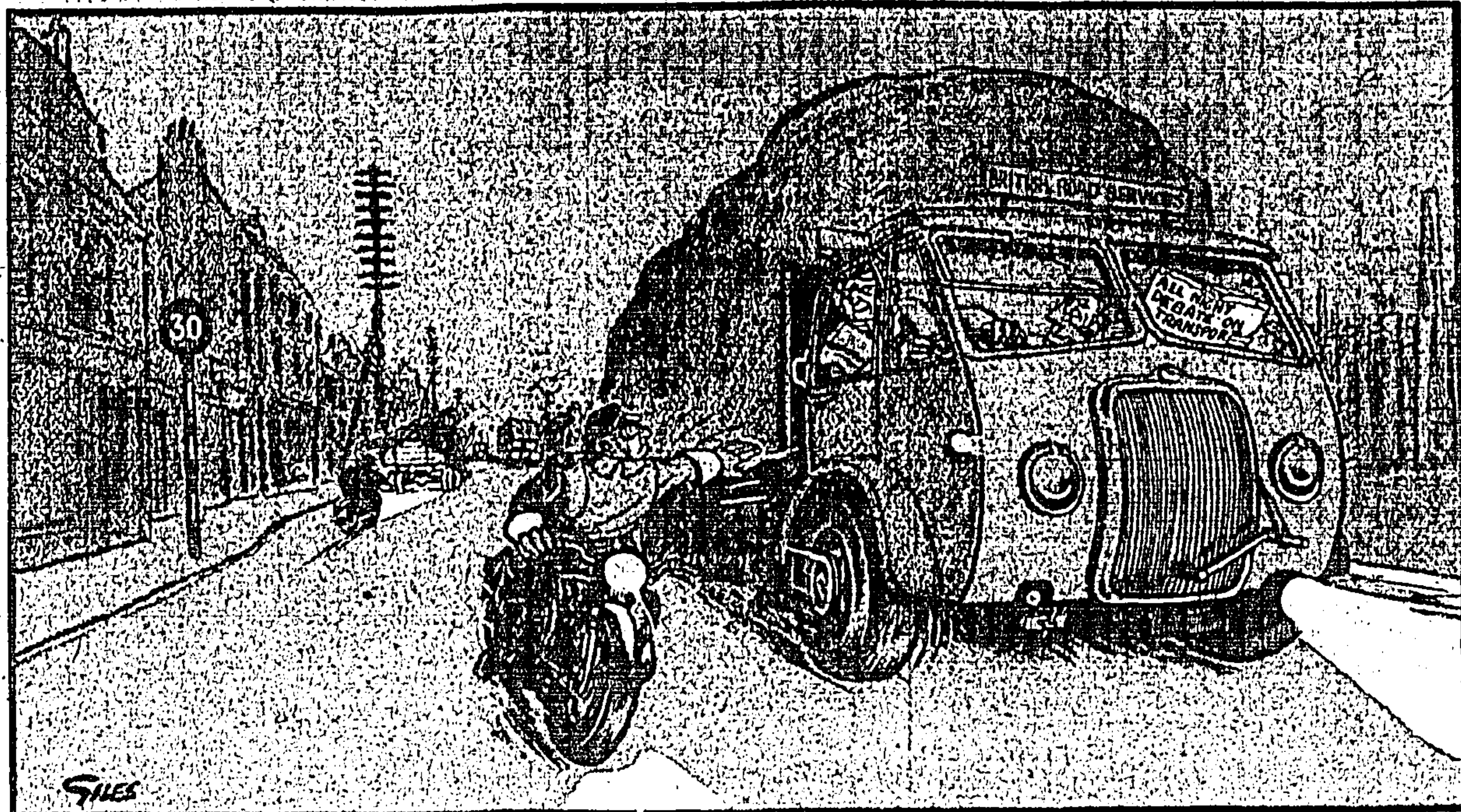
Last Wish

He helped a Greek syndicate to beat the Italians to gain control of a chain of French casinos. He himself, in later years had a lot of shares in the Monte Carlo casino.

For the last few years, in all his health, he lived in Switzerland, where he had been under treatment. He was operated on recently and accordingly to the hotel staff at Lausanne, where he was living, he must have known that he was dying.

Yet in his last hours he took a final bet that he would live until May. What the stakes were is not known, but Nicholas will never be able to pay.

Perhaps this was his last wish—to show that in the end gamblers cannot win.



"Sir Winston's not the only one up all night looking after our interests, is he?"

London Express Service

Barmaids, All Over 40, Can't Hide Their Age

Johannesburg.
IT is illegal to buy matches in a public-house in South Africa, so they give them away. Lemons are not lemon-coloured but green, and there is a tax on lemonade. And here's some more incidental intelligence about this country that I do not suppose they taught you at school.

LANGUAGE: An Afrikaner is a person, but an Afrikaner is an ox or a cow. Africans from outside the Union are called "foreign natives," and "hou links" means "keep left."

A shop is a "winkel" and white people are "blankies." The plural for a gentleman is "here," a word that has its convenience, and the speed of sound is "snelheid van klank."

English-speaking South Africans say "Look here, man," or "I'm telling you, man," even if they are talking to a woman.

HIS RIGHTS

WOMEN: They are not allowed in bars except in Southwest Africa, and

You can almost say you have been there if you have fun finding out with **BERNARD WICKSTEED**

they have to get their husbands' permission to open a banking account. At least, they do if they have not signed a contract before marriage, saying they will keep control of their own property. Otherwise they are considered to have married "in community."

A husband married in community can say to his wife: "What's yours is mine and what's mine is my own." He can even go to his wife's employer and collect her wages.

A widow may marry her husband's brother, but a divorced woman may not.

FOOD & DRINK: You can get green peas all the year round (but they are not as tasty as ours). Gin is 10s. 1d. a bottle, and there are only two barmalms in Johannesburg.

Twenty-five years ago there was a law passed that practising

barmalms could continue their trade, but there must be no new ones. So all the survivors are well over 40, a fact they cannot conceal.

Whisky is 25s. 6d. a bottle, and "seventy-four" and if you are stuck for conversation, all you need do is ask why. Nobody seems to know.

Modern flats have no dining rooms and you eat in the hall just inside the front door.

TRANSPORT

THE AFRICANS: They are never called Africans and they have to buy their liquor from the municipal council.

Postmen always have a Kaffir to carry their bags.

Africans cannot go on a bus or a train unless accompanied by a white person. They have to carry a pass to be out after 9 p.m. unless they have a form of exemption. Then they have to carry that to show they need not carry a pass.

An African who was recently held up for crossing the street against the traffic lights said he saw all the Europeans crossing when the light was green so he thought as an African he had to cross when it was red.

THE LAW: Judges do not wear wigs. People may not play

golf in Cape Province on Sundays (but they do). Nor may they sell newspapers or cigarettes (but they do that too).

On the Vaal river you can fish from one bank on Sunday but not from the other. Anglers say the fish know this and act accordingly.

ONE BOWLER

CLOTHES: Men put waterproof covers on their hats when it rains. Slips wear windjammers and bell-bottomed trousers.

There is only one bowler hat in Johannesburg. It is worn by Jack Sharp, a 79-year-old mining house messenger. He gets a new one sent out from England every three years.

AMUSEMENTS: The cinemas are called bioscopes and have no continuous performances. So the phrase "This is where I came in" means nothing to a South African.

BEST END

GEOGRAPHY: Newcastle is a coal-mining town in Natal, but it was named after a British lord and not after the town upon Tyne. Newmarket is a racecourse at Johannesburg, but Kempton Park is an airfield. The east end of Johannesburg is the best end.

DOCTORS WHO FLIRT WITH DEATH

By John Ashwin

A 26-year-old American doctor has just been honoured in Chicago for allowing research workers to use him as a guinea pig—cut off his breathing, string him unconscious from a telephone pole, and force him to eat one pound of raw liver a day.

The cut in the doctor's breathing was made to help develop a new method of artificial respiration; the telephone pole stunt was just to help keep him at the "guinea pig" stage; and the liver diet tested his metabolic reaction. In other words, how much his body could absorb.

Dread Fever

Dr. Lloyd Koritz, the guinea pig concerned, got away with the experiments mentioned above, to be awarded the annual prize that the Walter Reed Society gives to successful volunteer human "guinea pigs." The Society, in fact, owes its name to one such volunteer, Dr. Walter Reed of the U.S. Army, who, as far back as 1899, conquered the dread and vicious yellow fever.

The Reed story is worth recalling. It begins in the Cuban village of Pinar del Rio at the height of a "yellow plague" which was killing men, women and children in their hundreds every day. It was a "killer" disease of the first order—a burning fever, giving way to blazing delirium, convulsions and a horrible death.

Dr Reed decided to follow up the theory, advanced locally, that the Stegomyia mosquito carried the disease.

Unfortunately, animals were impervious to the disease. This meant that it was necessary for human beings to contract the disease under ideal conditions, above for observation—if they were to be proved correct.

The plan was simple once Dr Reed had made up his mind. One group of volunteers, living under ideal barrack conditions, would be bitten by the mosquito. Another group, living in the tormented fever ward, would be screened from any such bites. The only way they could contract the fever would be from their fellow room-mates, if it was carried in that way.

It was a grim experiment. A number of those who had volunteered to be bitten caught the disease, and one died. He died in what Dr Reed (a factual man) described as "awful agony." But the volunteers had not died in vain. The mosquito was proved to be the carrier of the disease for, in the barracks near by, other volunteers who were actually using the same utensils as the yellow fever sufferers remained as healthy as ever.

Within a few weeks after the experiment, the first mosquito control scheme was under way. The Walter Reed Society had gained its first members.

Drastic Result

Not all such self-inflicted "guinea pig" experiments hit the headlines. As recently as 1951, a young Italian doctor persuaded an assistant to give him an injection from a bottle of clear liquid which he had made up. Within an hour the doctor was dead. Unfortunately, he had not expected quite such a drastic result from the injection, for even his assistant was unable to identify the contents of the syringe which had so quickly caused the death of Giovanni Pauletti, one of Italy's most brilliant microbiologists.

More widely known is the story of Sir Humphrey Davy, who not only developed the miner's safety lamp, but also discovered "one of the best surgical anaesthetics." In 1800 he was dragged from his laboratory in Bristol, his face

seriet and twisted with agony and his whole body convulsing. He had been conducting a "little experiment" on himself by inhaling hydrogen gas, the inflammable gas once used to fill balloons.

North to Scotland—where a November night finds a Scottish doctor and two assistants taking it in turns to sniff bottles of volatile liquid. They don't take it in turns for long, for soon they are all three stretched out under the laboratory table. The picture scarcely needs a caption, but to jog the memory the doctor was Sir James Simpson. And Sir James and his colleagues had been poking their noses into the bottles of chloroform.

What happened to them gave them quite enough to work on, and within a few years Sir James was able to see the use of chloroform as an anaesthetic in all types of surgery.

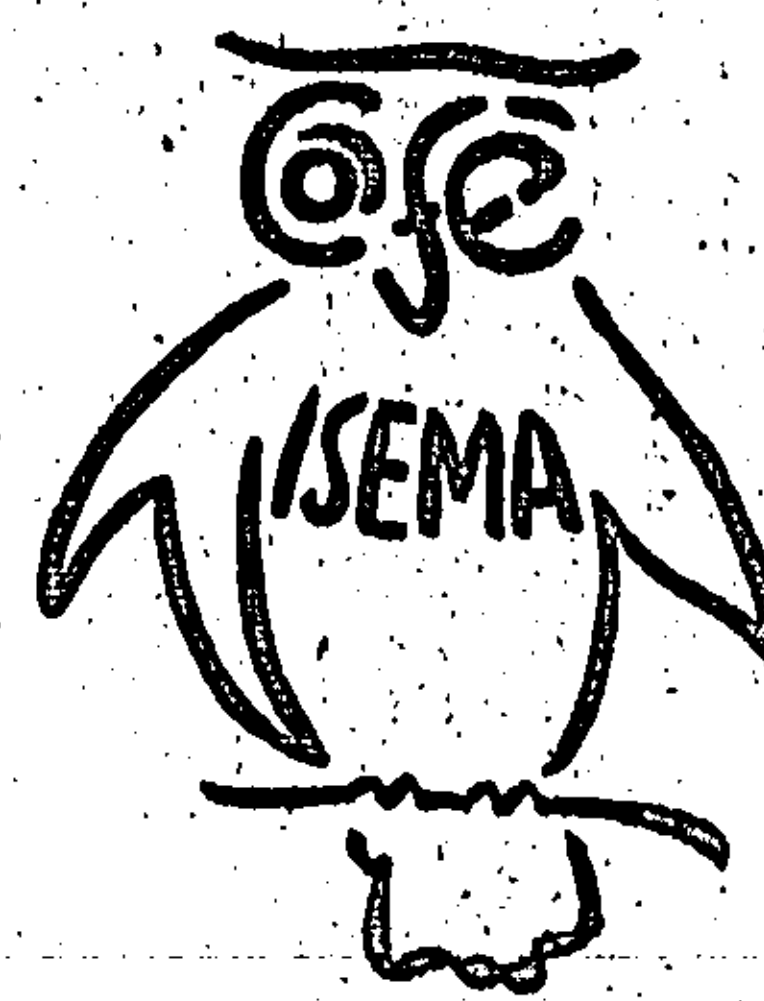
Not that these experiments by doctors on themselves are anything new. There is, for example, the story of the Renaissance Italian abbot Santorio who was fascinated by the changes in health (and weight) which different foods caused. Sitting in a small wooden chair built as a weighing machine, he would alternately stuff himself to bursting point and then starve—watching the scales all the time. Today Santorio would most probably be classed as an expert nutritionist.

An American writer, Mr. Richard Reinhardt, records the case of another Italian—the 18th century Lazzaro Spallanzani—who went even further than his colleagues, being just that much more fascinated by his stomach and its queer distribution of food values. To discover the effect eating had on health, Spallanzani began swallowing bread sewed up in small linen bags—also meat and bone harboured in tough little wooden capsules.

Respiration

There have been many more "guinea pig" experiments in the cause of science. To take one more is to recall how Dr John Scott Haldane, an Edinburgh physiologist, extended the world's knowledge of respiration by leading a group of British students to a mountain top in Colorado. At a considerable altitude, the little group then conducted a whole maze of self-experiments. They didn't know anything about pressurized air (travel from the aeronautics angle, but they did learn the very many effects on the human body of life in rarified atmospheres.

Thanks to such men, down the ages, to the latest award by the Walter Reed Society, human beings are able to suffer just that much less where, once their forbears (the "guinea pigs" doctors included) suffered accordingly.



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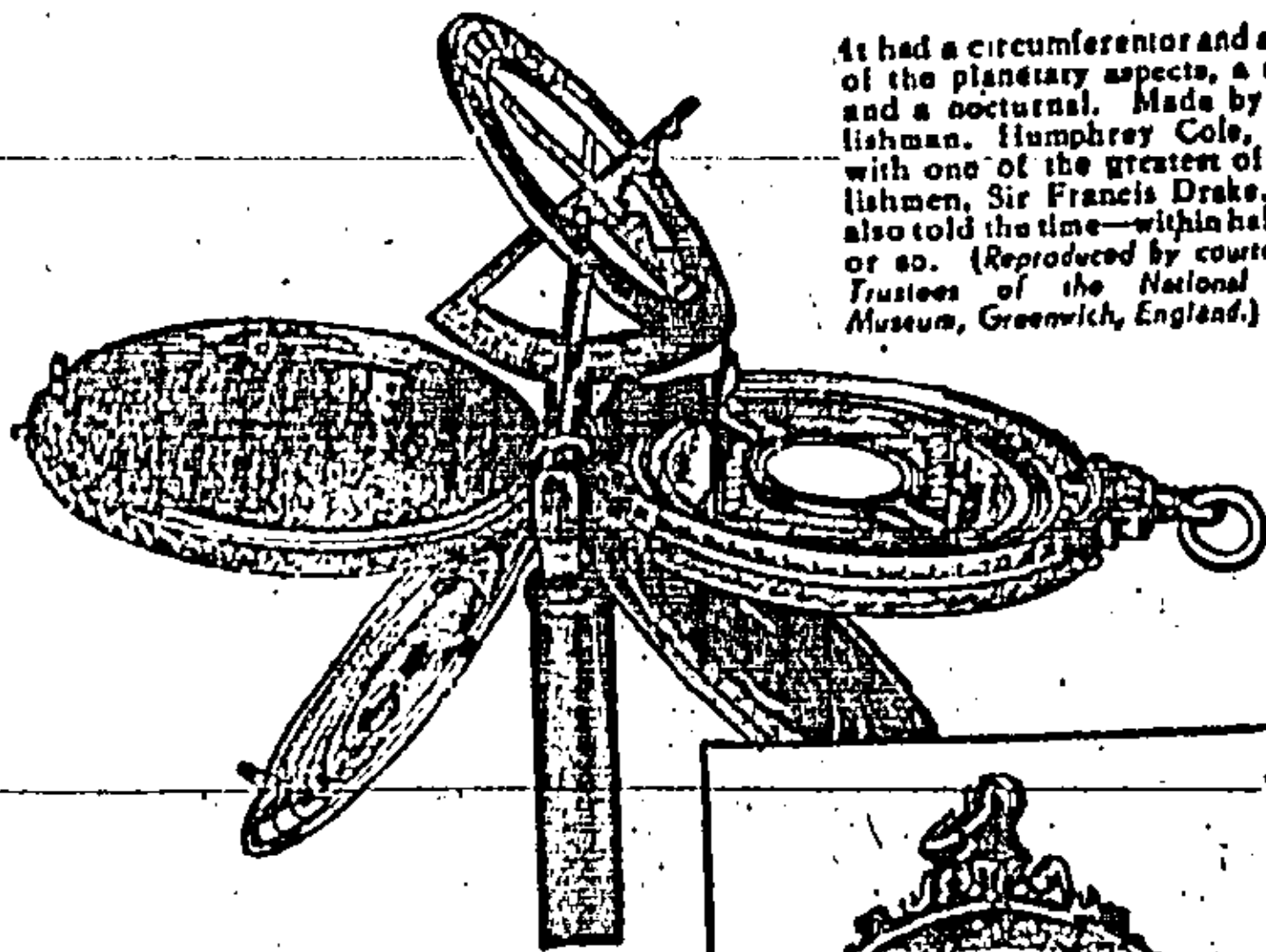
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with
Francis Drake?

WHEN Elizabeth I was on the throne of England and English sea-power was at its height, this dial was buccannering the seas with Sir Francis Drake. It was probably with him when, in 1577, he laid course by Morocco and the Cape Verde Islands and set out to sail around the world.



Like and greatest of the Rolex triumphs, the Datejust is waterproof, thanks to the Oyster case, and self-winding, thanks to the patented Rolex Perpetual. Moreover, the date appears automatically and clearly in a neat window on the face. Attractively of course! The ultimate in accuracy, Rolex accuracy.

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THE MAN WHO MAKES TERROR HIS HERO

GRAHAM GREENE went to London's Wyndham's Theatre and saw the triumph of his first play, "The Living Room."

He is the most important English novelist to turn playwright since Somerset Maugham—and the most puzzling. He writes about chill misery, and he sells like hot cakes.

Tall, gaunt, haggard-eyed, a man who wears success like a hair-shirt, Greene heard cheers for Dorothy Tutin, a newcomer of 22 with the heartbreaking frailty of a leaping in a storm. Cheers for Eric Portman, and dear old Mary Jerrard. And loud cries of "Author! Author!"

The play is set in a decaying house which two Roman Catholic spinners and their crippled brother, a priest, inhabit like ghosts.

They keep most of their rooms shut because people have died in them. They then use, fair means and foul to keep their niece out of sin. She is a Catholic, and the man she loves is married.

The plot turns on pity, the girl's for the wife she has cut out. She kills herself rather than cause pain for others. But the room she dies in is not duly closed. The passing of a girl so pure-hearted dissolves the aunt's terror of Death.

EERIE AFFAIR
A sad and eerie affair, with a disappointing end, Eric Portman, the priest, acts movingly from a wheel-chair as a blighted man, who cannot rise to his supreme moment; he fails to find the words that might save the girl.

Dorothy Tutin is a rare discovery. Her brief lightheartedness made me cry, and her death-scene, praying, touched a tragedy beyond tears.

The writing is perhaps too slick. But as you watch, softly the doors of Hell swing open and the bounds of pain come out. For Greene, success.

"Another success!" He shuddered, the novelist whose first editions run to 250,000 copies, who has sold more film stories than any other writer.

"Do not call me a success. I have never known a successful man," he said. "Have you?"

"Success," he said (and his chin-blue eyes were bloodshot), "is the point of self-deception. Failure is the point of self-knowledge."

The puzzle remains. How has he made a sordid love-triangle as tense as a thriller?

A Hollywood director says: "You need laughs. You need cheerfulness. That is the whole reason for show business." Then why is the jagged pain of Greene-land so popular?

The answer is that the baals of show business is not cheerfulness. It is excitement. And Greene is the most excited man on earth. What excites him is sin. His heroes fear the police like the devil, but they fear the devil as they fear God.

Even as a child Greene lived dangerously, nerves on edge. He went to school in Berkhamsted. His father was headmaster, and the boy's time was cut in two by the balise door between squalid classrooms and the family quarters.

On one side, unholy little fly-torturers, sniggering, ink, dust. On the other, books and fruit and eau-de-Cologne.

It grew in his mind into the clash between Heaven and Hell. Hell seemed more real. Once he ran away. They caught him. Four times he tried to poison himself. They sent him to a psychoanalyst. At last he found meaning for his anguish... in the Catholic Church.

THEY SIT UP
From the first, what made Greene's readers sit up was terror—the terror he has been in since his schooldays.

But although Greene writes about sin with an alarm that terrifies, he lives well. His flat is just round the corner from the Ritz.

Ring the bell, and he answers himself. Our leading self-torturer is 40, thin and shy, with the face of a man who has just walked into a brick wall, flattened and shattered by the daily shock of a life lived too hard.

"I feel shattered," he says. He sat up late, it appears, on a new film story, "The Stranger's Hand." His days are given up to a new novel, "all about the trouble a man can cause by being well-meaning." The scene is Indo-China, which Greene knows well. Title: "The Quiet American."

Greene's own living-room is far from squalid—elegant bow-window, mountains of books. But it is macabre. Livid, scary paintings on the walls. On a table, a leper-white object in the shape of two upraised palms cut off at the wrists: it is an ash-tray. It is here that he dyes the pain and sin into his magnificent stories.

HIS SECRET
"I shall never write another film-script," says the bleak author of so many. "This latest is just an outline. One does not enjoy all the rewriting and revising for the studios. One enjoys the theatre. Even in a novel, one never knows just how well one is getting across. In a play, one can alter a line and see the effect on the next night's audience. One has already started one's next play."

Then the brilliant new playwright gives away his secret, and disengages the slick operator from the artist and genius. "If you excite an audience first, you can put on what you will of horror, suffering, truth."

What that costs him in unquiet is signed in his face.

"THE THIRD MAN" is Greene's most famous film. Others: "Brighton Rock," "The Fallen Angel," "The Gun for Hire."

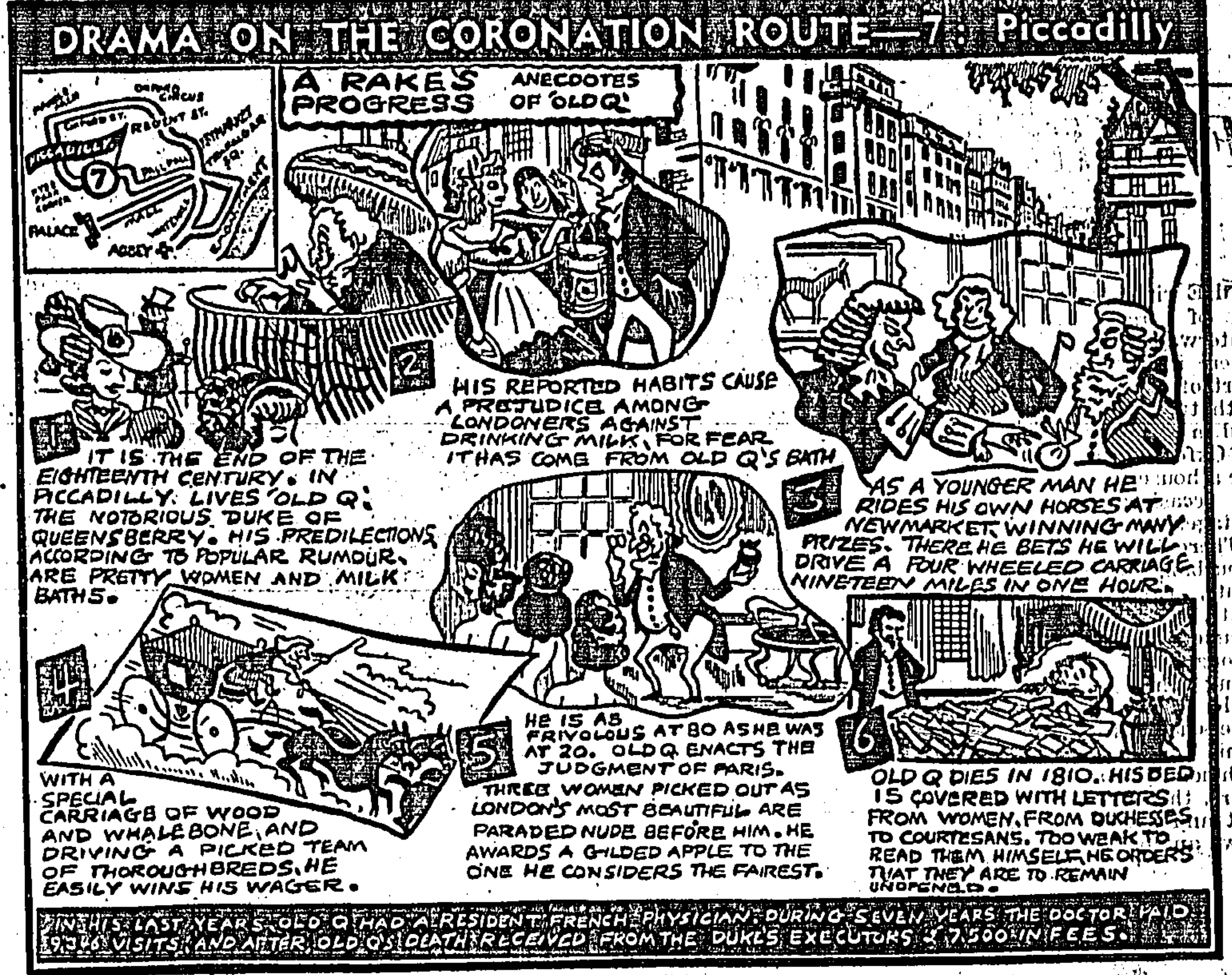
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EVEREST WIVES



HOW DO WIVES fare when their men set out on the world's most dangerous mission?

IN A FEW DAYS the British Everest Expedition begins its attempt to mount to the earth's roof-top.

AN ARDUOUS task for the men—and for their wives no less. There is courage too in watching and waiting...

Risk-it rivalry spurs on men

by THOMAS WILSON

COLONEL JOHN HUNT will in a few days be launching the British-Mount Everest expedition on the steep and riven slopes of the Khumbu glacier ice-fall below the western precipices of the 29,002ft. mountain.

Of the three times the ice-fall has been climbed the only route has been bombarded near its top by frequent avalanches.

Eric Shipton, in 1951, turned back. The Swiss a year ago risked their own lives and their porters' by going on.

quote—1

MRS JENNIFER BOURDILLON (above), 23-year-old wife of scientist-mountaineer Tom Bourdillon, finds it a help that she too knows the Himalayas.

"I spent many weeks in Nepal, just below Everest," she says.

So I know the background and can visualise what is going on.

"Do I feel there is any risk? Yes, of course."

"But Tom is very level-headed and I expect him to come home safely."

And wistfully—"I so wish I could have gone with him."

"But I caught typhus before and it would have been unwise to go again so soon."

"What shall I do while my husband is away?"

Work, teach in Sunday School, and look forward to July, when the expedition comes home.

To risk or not to risk—that will be Hunt's problem. The real crux of his decision will be whether or not to allow international rivalry to enter into it.

Most British climbers regard this as the curse of the great Himalayan peaks. It began in 1934 with a calamity on Nanga Parbat, where ten men were lost through a German expedition overreaching itself.

The book of that expedition ended: "Splendid as it must be to return home with the prize of this mighty mountain, it is yet nobler that a man lay down his life for such a goal."

As this applied to ten men, including six Sherpa guides, British climbers have regarded it as false sentiment.

In jeopardy... TODAY Swiss, French and British are intent on climbing Everest. If we fail this year the French will try next—and nobody would be surprised to meet the Russians coming up the other side.

How absurd this new spirit is. The party that reaches the top will do so.

On the backs of all those that have gone before. Each expedition has learned from the past.

Yet the British way of climbing is in jeopardy—the way that expects a man to go to the limit but not beyond, to cajole and inspire his porters into ever greater exertions, but never to risk their lives unnecessarily.

The other problems that Colonel Hunt will face are brought out in a book* that recounts the five British and two Swiss attempts on Everest, adventures matching the story of Captain Scott.

He will not know FIRST and worst, because it is uncontrollable, is the weather. The climb must be made between monsoons and some years there is no gap.

Acclimatisation to the rarefied air is a problem. Colonel Hunt is handicapped by none of his men having been up to 28,000ft. The men he selects for the final assault may acclimatise badly. He will not know until too late.

Oxygen may help if the new apparatus works well. Yet all the British who have climbed highest have gone without oxygen and have given up not for lack of it but for lack of time.

The Swiss pitched a small tent carried by the assault party to 27,500ft; but even that was too low.

After an appalling night, spent by the Swiss guides and Sherpas in slapping each other to keep alive, they could climb no higher than 23,250ft, the highest yet, but still nearly 6000ft short of the summit.

Colonel Hunt must get his Sherpas to pitch a camp for the assault party at least as high as the highest point yet reached.

Then, if he has picked the right men, and they are waiting at the camp below, and they are not under- or over-acclimatised, and the oxygen apparatus works, and the weather holds, and Everest's 80-mile-an-hour wind has stopped after blowing the monsoon snow off the summit pyramid, and there are no unforeseen difficulties, in the last 800ft, they will reach the top. Perhaps.

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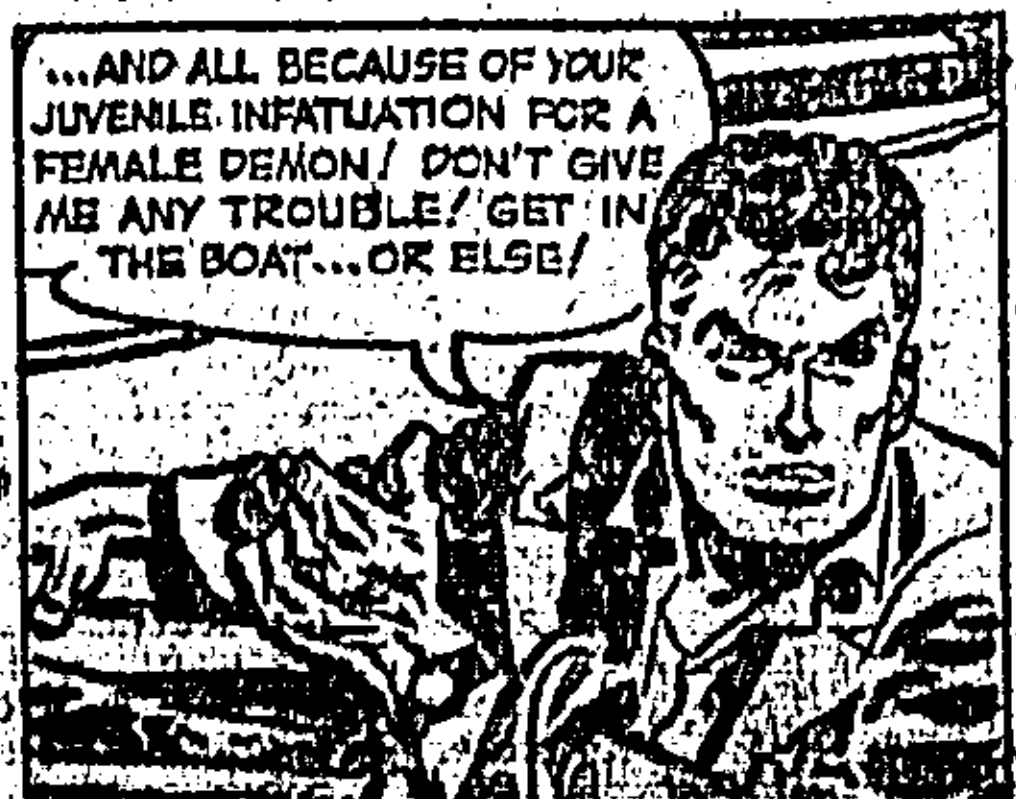
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JOHNNY HAZARD



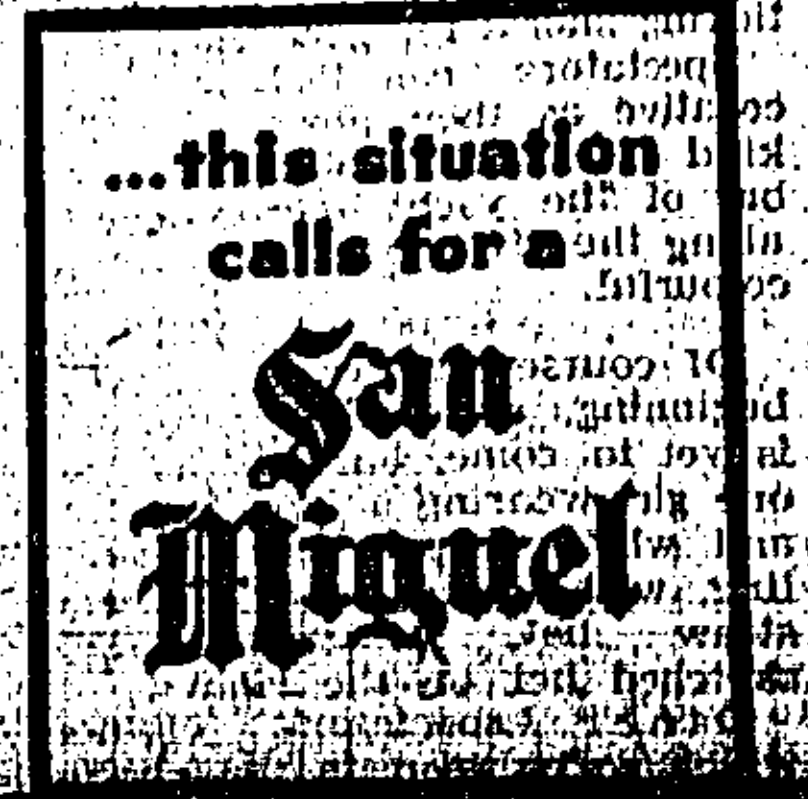
LOOK, BUSTER, I'VE BEEN TARGET FOR A CROSSBOW ALL NIGHT AND GOTTEN MYSELF HALF KILLED FIGHTING A HUMAN GORILLA.



AND ALL BECAUSE OF YOUR JUVENILE INFATUATION FOR A FEMALE DEVIAM! DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE! GET IN THE BOAT... OR ELSE!



VERY WELL! I YIELD... BUT ONLY BECAUSE OF YOUR THREATS! HOWEVER, I SHALL RETURN!



...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

FASHION AFLOAT

By HAZEL MEYRICK

London. The river Thames is one of the most varied waterways in the world. There is the Thames at the Port of London, choc-a-bloc with tugs and coal-barges, and in contrast, the Thames at Oxford, where you don't see a house for miles, except an occasional lock-keeper's cottage.

There is also the Thames suburban, swarming with punts, canoes and house-boats, with overcrowded steamers nosing their way through the lot, and capsizing some of them. This is the Thames that Londoners love to visit. They picnic on its banks at Richmond or Hampton Court, then hire a rowing boat and gyrate for half-an-hour.

rooms include bright printed dresses in glazed cotton, patterned with sea-shells; a denim skirt with cotton rope looped round the hem, and a summer duffle coat made from a fabric that looked like sail canvas.

Most of the dresses have a scooped out camisole neckline which either suits you or doesn't. If you've bought one and found it doesn't, you'll find the neckline with a choker of white china shark's teeth, one of the new 'primitive' necklaces which are now in the London shops.

If you haven't bought one, you choose instead a cotton dress with a high neckline in front, and deep cut-away back, an adaptation of the design Givenchy showed at the last Paris collections.

London's eligible bachelors—at the last count there were 94—are holding a ball at the Mayfair hotel this month. The event has caused a sensation among



Regatta Fashions

Elizabeth gets away with looking decorative, leaning back on the cushions of a punt, while I always get roped in for tarring the sides of a boat, or scrubbing the floorboards. So while Elizabeth thinks of the river in terms of pinstriped skirts and boat-necked blouses, trousers are my mainstay.

You see all kinds of trousers on the river, from the briefest of shorts to wide, flapping pinstriped slacks. These are worn usually with a series of hand-knitted sweaters, one on top of the other and, surprisingly enough, sometimes a felt hat.

The latest type to make their debut are cut like a Spanish bull-fighter's trousers, finishing just below knee level. The beauty of these tapered jeans is that they don't show beneath your coat, so you can walk around town in them.

The British sailor, for reasons of space, folds his bell-bottomed trousers into a number of horizontal creases, and having got this far even presses them in to make sure they stay put. A girl we saw on the river wore a pair of sailor trousers with stitched tucks where the creases should be, as a feminine concession to naval tradition. Elizabeth has sketched her on the left.

Her jacket was cut vaguely on the lines of a yachting blazer, but looked more interesting. It had a sloping shoulderline instead of the usual square one, revers, like those on a sailor's collar, and it fastened at hip level with enormous brass buttons.

The yachting blazers, by the way, are made from pillow-case ticking, which is useful, for the fabric is not ruined if you fall overboard. Dorothy made one edged with thick black braid, plus a vivid cotton lining, and a pair of ticked shorts for good measure. Spectators can look as decorative as they please, so the kind of clothes you see in the bow of the yacht club, or out along the river bank are pretty colorful.

Of course the season is only beginning, and Henley Regatta is yet to come, but we did see one girl wearing a jacket of red and white striped terry toweling, with a pair of a poppy skirt. Elizabeth has sketched her on the right.

Other spectators' clothes



AROSTLE—AND DISCIPLE

THERE is nothing like this dame, nothing in the world. The American Fashion Queen is a national top-dog of a kind that we do not breed in Britain.

Across the ocean the Fashion Queen drives the chariot of the rag trade, keeping the public and the producers keenly reined into her wishes. She may be a rough rider, but she has made her people into the best dressed in the world.

In Britain the Fashion Queen's kingdom has no counterpart, her power no parallel, her creed no converts. The bulk of British womanhood will not listen to what a Fashion Queen has to say.

Recently one of the first ladies of fashion looked in on London. Miss Virginia Pope is a pearl of her kind. You can say I'm president of the Fashion Group, the biggest co-ordinating fashion agency in the States. She also controls the fashion side of the New York Times.

THERE is nothing like a Fashion Queen's face. It is a model for the millions who want to look braced and beautiful in the sixties. It has grown as old as the cosmetic crowd allows a face to grow. Her

FOR EXAMPLE:

THE CLASSIC product of the American fashion creed. A girl wears one of the new spring suits, a copy of a Paris mode, which she bought two weeks after the Paris collections. The material is a new crashproof cotton. The colour is the new caramel, the new shade in Paris. On sale in sizes to fit everyone at a price most people can afford.

"Your leathers are superb," the Fashion Queen remarked. "But costly," said someone. "But, my dear, a good leather belt is an investment," commented the queen.

A Fashion Queen must necessarily say there is a new dress to suit every age, a new hat to suit every face, new trimmings to fit every occasion.

Miss Pope was a picture of her own advice. Dressed in clothes that had clearly been tailored with her in mind she looked as zippy as an elder lady can. She wore one of the new short jackets from Paris, a new little hat, and fresh trimmings to suit a grey day town.

For a Fashion Queen is always a Fashion Queen right down to her cuticles. She never lets up. Perhaps that's why there is nothing in the world quite like her.

When a lettuce looks limp

THE Case of the Limp Lettuce. Lettuce has opened again. What to do about the spring longing for a crisp salad when the salad won't stay crisp.

THERE is nothing like the way she swallows her own line. A Fashion Queen must necessarily say that expensive clothes are well worth saving for. She can never admit that the money might be put to better use.

A "TALKING" LAUNDRY AND CLEANING MACHINE

By GAY PAULEY

Soon you'll be able to get the family dry-cleaning and laundry done by vending machines that "talk."

A new type of automatic valet has been introduced in New York.

This "talking machine" takes your soiled clothes and returns them cleaned and pressed or laundered, without any help except financial.

The service consists of a central control unit and a series of lockers. You speak into a handset at the locker and tell the control centre what work is to be done. Remote control then takes over, the locker opens and you deposit the clothes.

When you want your cleaning back, you repeat the process—except this time you feed the necessary coins into the mechanical valet. This gadget even makes change for you.

The mechanical valet was developed by an American firm, which claims to make most of the dry-cleaning equipment in the nation. The machine operates on regular commercial leased wires of the telephone company.

Other items

Also on the list of new items to make life easier or safer are such things as portable radios with alarm clocks, safety knobs for gas or electric ranges, and a toxin-free enamel. The portable radio-alarm clock combination is suggested for campers, beachcombers, or hunters.

That safety knob for the kitchen stove eliminates the chance that a child, or adult, might turn on the gas or electricity accidentally. It spins freely at a slight touch—makes a good playing for a child, as a matter of fact—yet won't turn on until pressed firmly.

The knob eventually will be available also for other appliances such as television sets, air conditioning units and heating equipment.

The enamel is supposed to be free of the lead pigments and other ingredients which cause paint poisoning.

The manufacturer says the enamel is used on all surfaces which take regular abrasion. It's recommended especially for baby playpens, play toys, and such which children are apt to chew on.

The dream behind this woman's eyes

By DRUSILLA BEYFUS



Here are two fresh theories taken from a new cook book.

Theory 1—Try these instead—

Scoop out a cucumber to make a deep boat, moisten with an oil, vinegar and garlic dressing. Fill with chopped cold meats, cheese mixed in mayonnaise.

Cut out a deep heart from a firm head of a red or white cabbage. Season with oil, vinegar and garlic dressing. Fill with ham, pickles, green peppers mixed in mayonnaise. Bake an avocado pear. Cut in half lengthwise, sprinkle with lemon juice. Fill with sections of grapefruit, orange, stoned olives and pimientos.

Theory 2—Try a new dressing—

FROM CIDER—one cup of salad oil, one third cup of cider, one tablespoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon paprika, one teaspoon sugar. Combine all ingredients in a jar.

FROM HONEY—one cup oil, vinegar and garlic dressing, one tablespoon honey. Combine and shake until smoothly mixed. The same as before with a cup of requefort cheese instead.

In this Day and Age!

SHE was free. She had been left a small legacy, and she wanted to spend it on pottering around the world in small boats.

The Good Salads Book, Florence Brabeck, Dobson, 8s. 6d.

She looked into the Piccadilly travel agents, Dean and Dawson's.

"I want to go round the world by cargo boat," she announced. Brochures were produced, prices perused, routes examined. Should it be via Colombo, Cebu, Tahiti, or Singapore?

Then all at once the dream vanished. "Are you an unattached female?" inquired the clerk. "They don't take women on long sea voyages by cargo."

She tried Thomas Cooks. "The steamship companies don't give a reason, but they won't take unattached women on world tours," The Ellerman Line said. "Sorry, we can't take her unless she brings another woman friend—or there happens to be another woman wanting to share a cabin."

She contacted the French line, Messageries Maritimes. "We don't take single women passengers on cargo trips."

The Holland East Asia Line repeated: "Cargo boats? There isn't proper accommodation for women. They would have to take meals in the men's mess."

She could go on her own if she paid twice the price and went by luxury liner. She could go on her own if she paid half the price and travelled by tramp boats. But it would never do for her to travel the way she wanted to.

Heard a similar story this week?

The wardrobe of The Queen

WHAT an astonishing wardrobe it has to be a Queen of England for one year! Queen Elizabeth (she became 27 recently) required these things for her public appearances in 12 months: 40 hats, 10 evening dresses, 16 pairs of shoes, 13 handbags, nine fur coats, seven suits, one tartan skirt and Harris Tweed jacket, one gentlet and armistice to open Parliament, one scarlet uniform for the dropping the Colour, one velvet cap and gown at a night of the Order of the Garter, one indoor community. And one white raincoat worn once last month.

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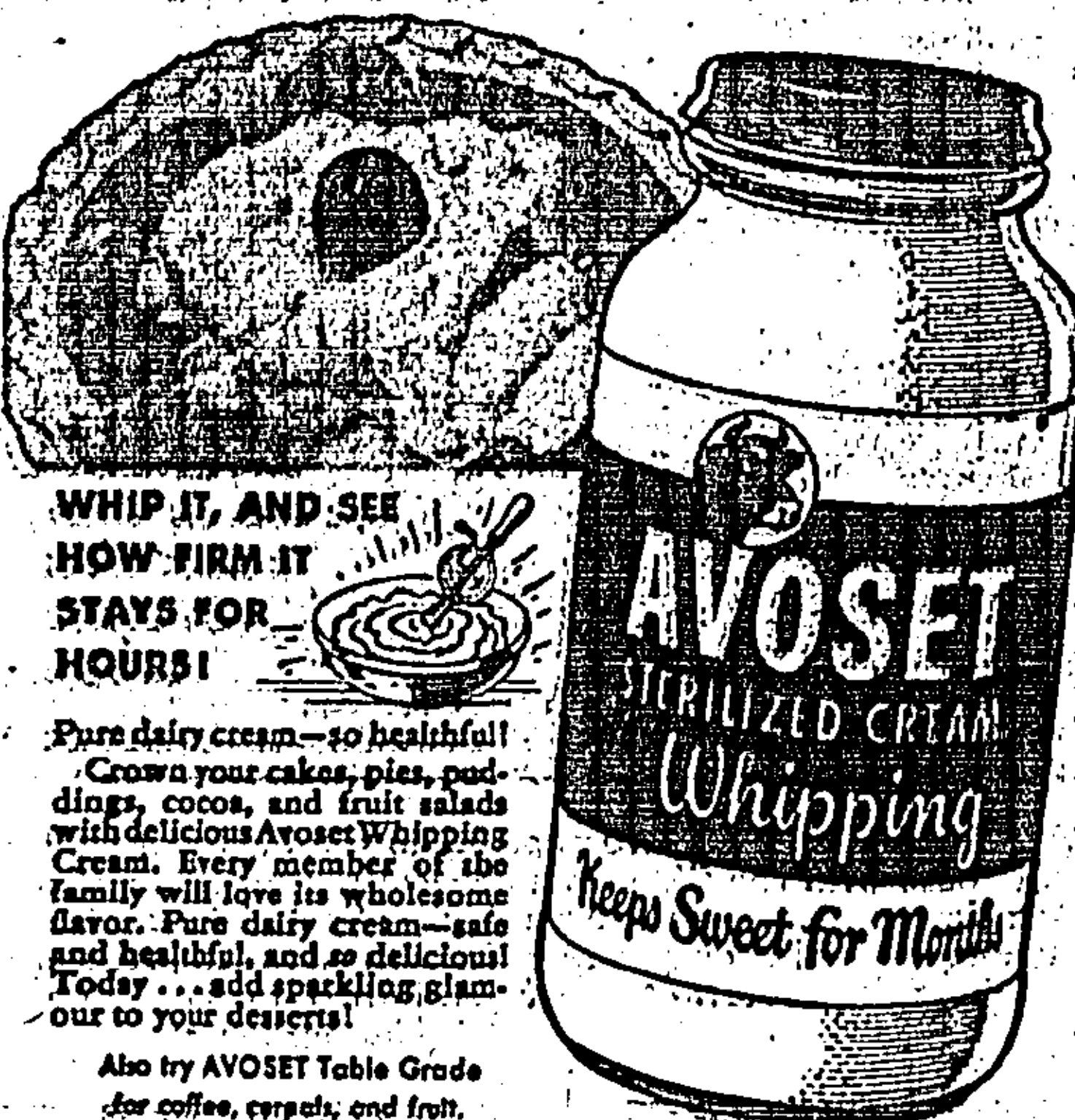
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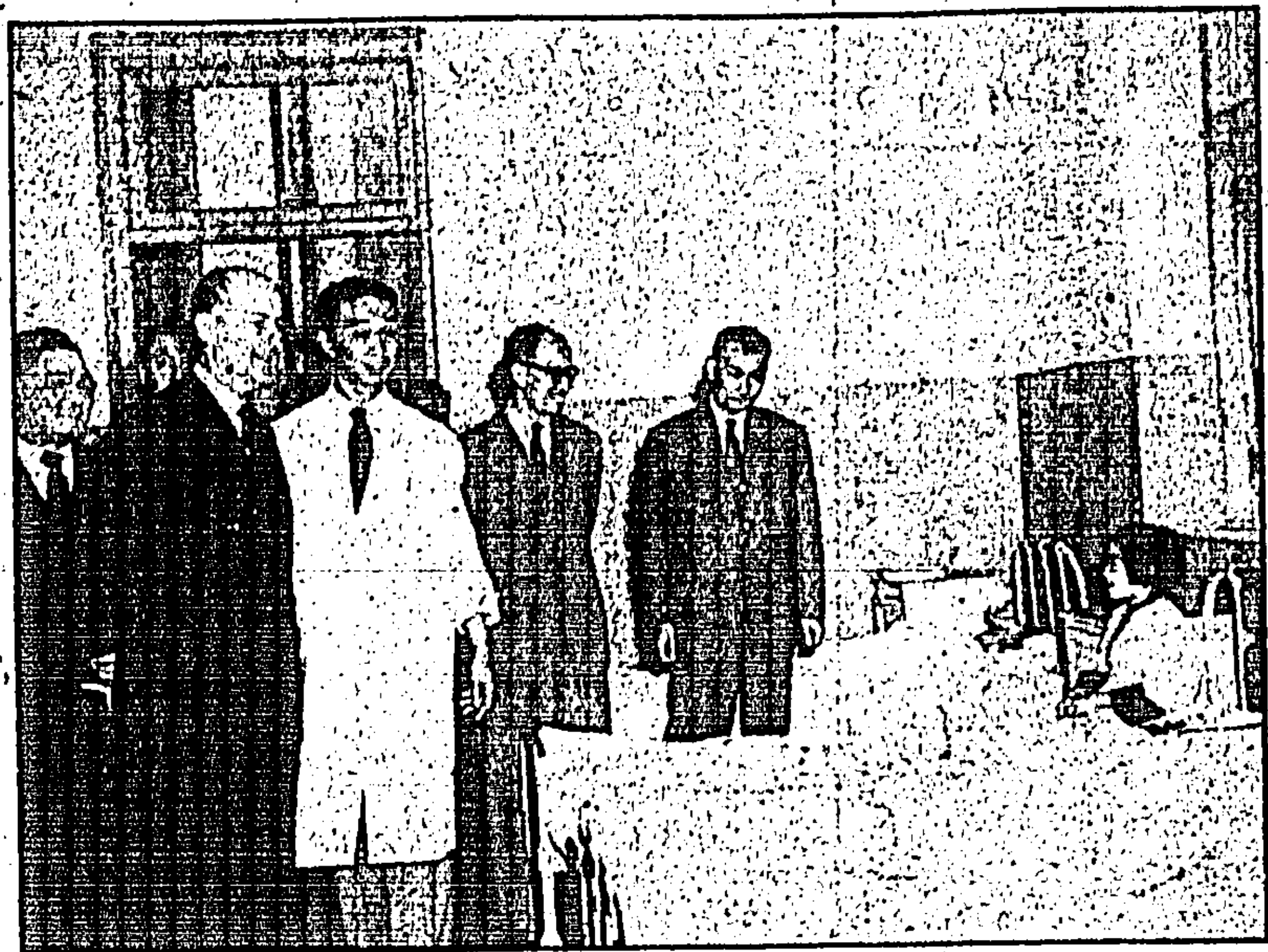
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HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR visited the Tung Wah Eastern Hospital last week, and saw for himself the work being done there in the various wards. This picture was taken in one of the children's wards. With the Governor are Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo, Director of Medical and Health Services, Dr C. K. Wong, Medical Superintendent of the Hospital, and members of the Board of Directors. (Staff Photographer)



CAPTAIN Julio Augusto Cruz, the new Chief of Police of Macao, paid his first official visit to Hongkong early this week. He is seen here with Hongkong's Police Commissioner, Mr D. W. MacIntosh, who welcomed him on arrival. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken after the christening of Jennifer Mary Bray, daughter of Mr and Mrs D. C. Bray, which took place last Sunday at Chung Chau. (Mayfair)



THE WAHOOS, who have once again retained the senior ladies' softball championship, pose with the China Mail Shield presented to them at the Hongkong Softball Association dance last Saturday. Seated in centre is their captain, Miss Torry Noronha. Right, above: Mrs Carman Molthan presenting prizes. Right, below: Miss Ida Pan sells a rosette to Mr H. A. Barros to swell the Association's funds. (Staff Photographer)



SUPPER party given by Prof. and Mrs Gordon King for Mr Louis Kantner, the pianist, after the recent concert at which he was guest soloist with the Sino-British Orchestra. Mr Kantner is sixth from right.



PICTURE taken at the wedding last Saturday of Mr John Cromer Wright and Miss Rosemary Ann Labrum. The wedding took place at St Andrew's Church. (Staff Photographer)

MR Maladi, manager of the Indonesian football team which recently visited Hongkong, speaking at the dinner given in honour of the team by the Hongkong Football Association. Also seen are, from left, Mr R. M. Soebagio, Mr J. McKelvie and Mr D. Benson. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Picture taken at a dinner given by Unofficial Members of the Urban Council last week. Seated: The Hon. R. R. Todd, the Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, the Hon. K. M. A. Barnett (Chairman), the Hon. Kwok Chan and Dr G. I. Shaw. Standing: Mr Brook Barnacchi, the Hon. Dhun Ruttonjee, Dr E. L. Gosano, the Hon. A. P. Weir, Mr W. S. T. Lacey, Mr K. Keen and Col. J. D. Clague. (Ming Yuen)



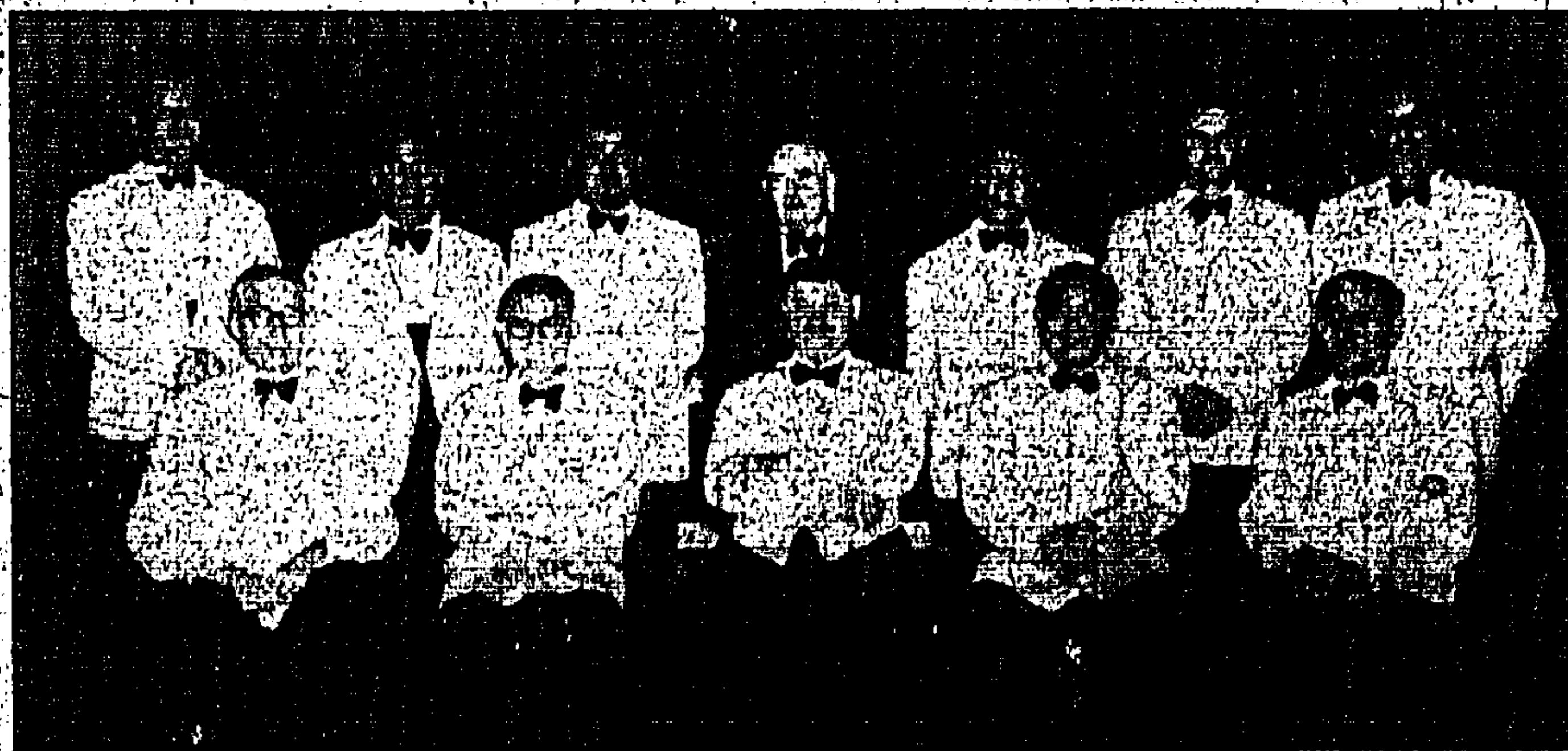
LEFT: At the opening last Saturday of the CMS St. Thomas School in Shamshui. From left: the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, Director of Education, Mrs C. J. Symons, the Hon. R. B. Black, who opened the building, and Mr Tsang Koon-cook. (Staff Photographer)

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MRS Lillian Shun Wah, employed at the RAF Station, Kai Tak, holds the Commander-in-Chief's testimonial awarded to her last week for loyal and efficient service. The Air Officer Commanding, Air Commodore R. C. Field, who made the presentation, is seen with her in picture. (Staff Photographer)



WEARING the uniform of a Chevalier of the Order of St Sylvestre, Mr Joseph Stephen Shak is seen with his bride, formerly Miss Helen Chow, at their wedding dinner last Sunday at St Teresa's Church Parochial Hall. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Wallace Turner, Second Officer, Hong-kong Women's Naval Volunteer Force, is seen inspecting the Sea Rangers at their recent passing-out parade at Sandilands Hut. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Guests having a jolly time at the hobo party given by Mr and Mrs Alfred V. Alvares at their home in Pokfulam last Saturday evening. (Willis's)

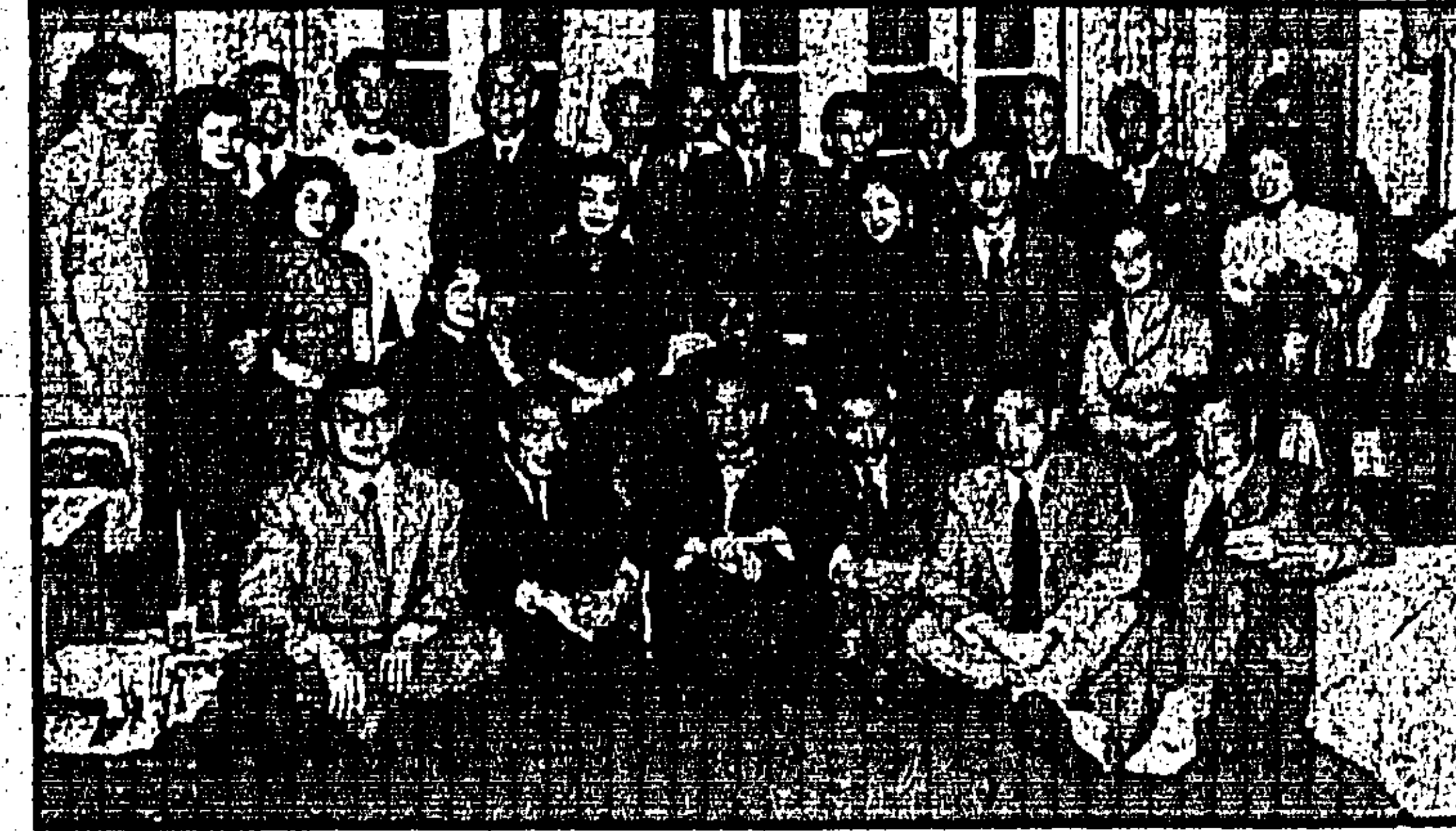
AT the Junior Chamber of Commerce dance held at the Peninsula Hotel. From left: Mr A. de O. Salas, President of the Hongkong Jaycees, Mrs S. W. Kho, Mr A. Raiss, Mr J. S. Lee and Mr H. Bruce. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr Kenneth William Farmer and his bride, formerly Miss Monica Elizabeth Parfitt, after their wedding at St Andrew's Church last Wednesday. (Staff Photographer)

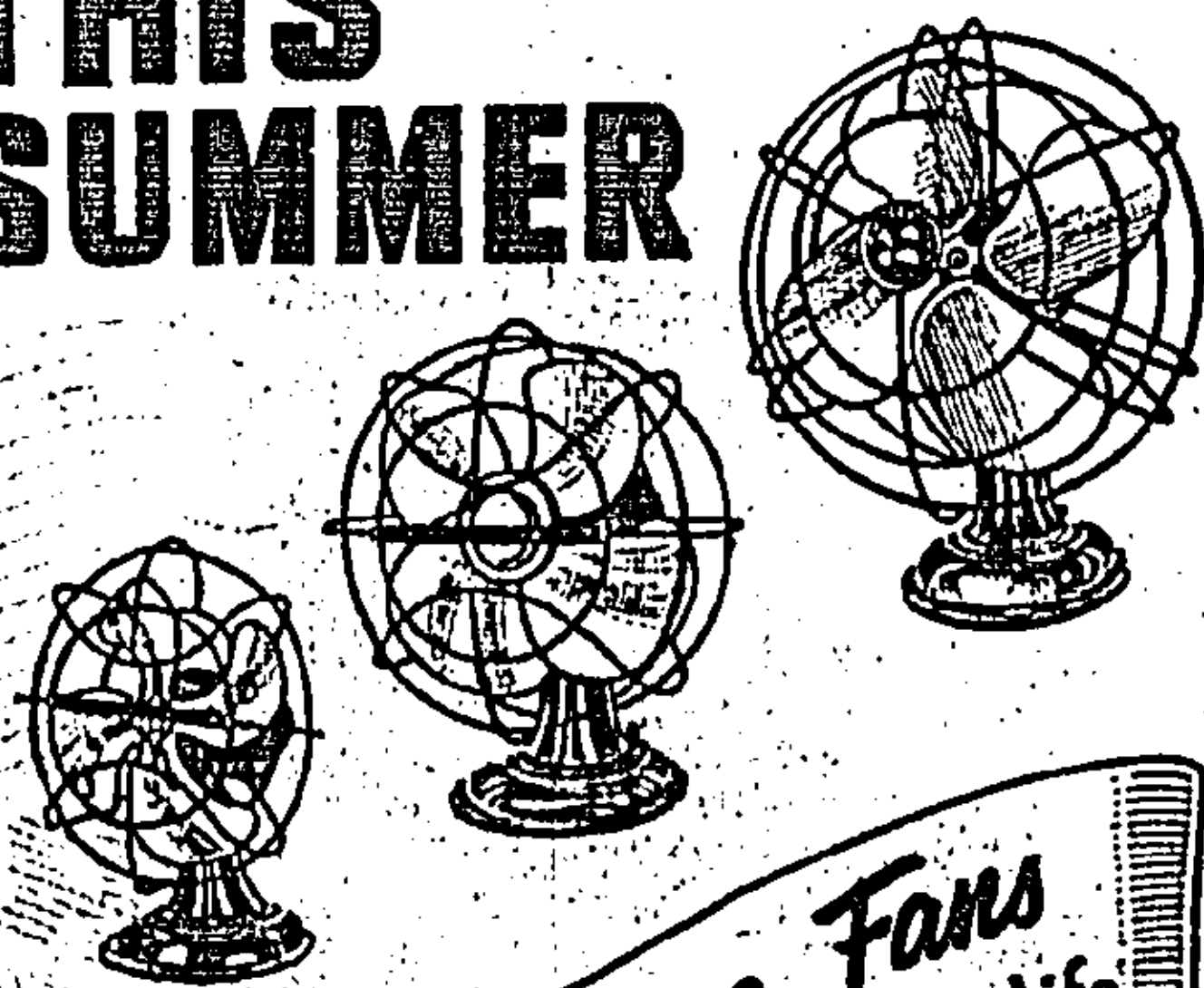


FAREWELL dinner given at the Kam Ling Restaurant by members of the Treasury Department to Mr J. Hargreaves, Assistant Accountant-General, who is going home on leave prior to retirement. Mr Hargreaves is fourth from the left. (Staff Photographer)



MR Hin-shing Lo gave a buffet dinner last week to introduce Miss Molly Hui, the artist, and to give a preview of her work. Mr Lo is seated in centre, with Miss Hui on his right. (Staff Photographer)

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MR D. Benson inspecting the guard of honour when he opened the new headquarters building of the St John Ambulance Brigade, Mainland Sub-District, on Thursday. The building is in Waterloo Road. (Staff Photographer)

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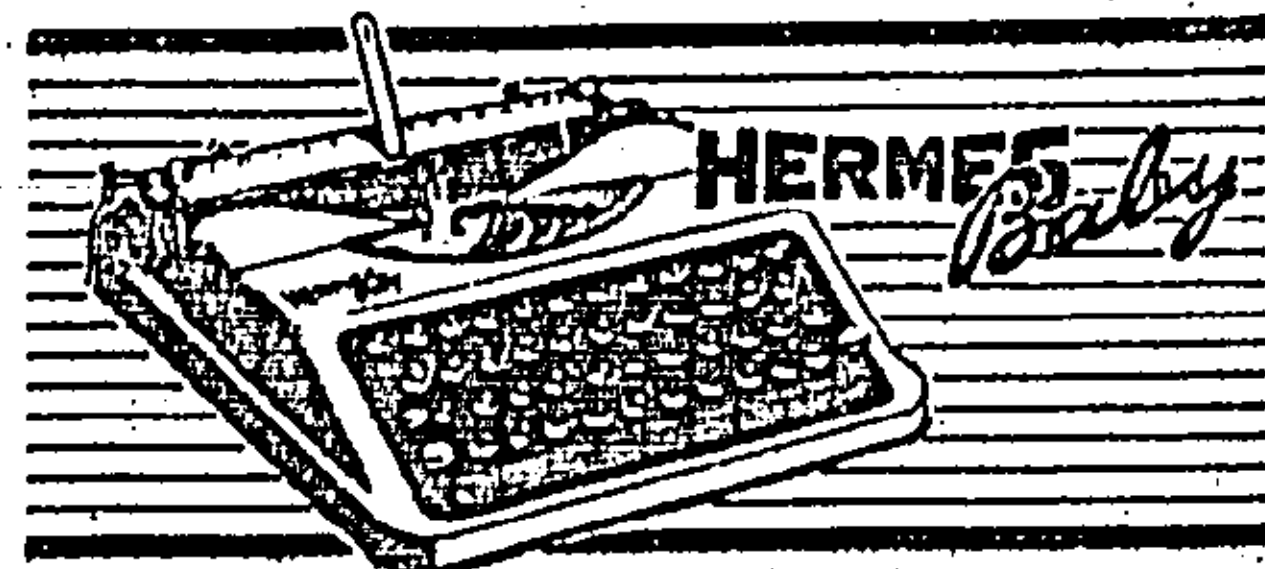
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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT



By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

A GIRL may be the plainest Jane in the world until she smiles. Then her face takes on a radiance that's lovely to behold.

The same principle applies to a room. It can be dull and uninteresting until you use lighting to give it a warm, friendly glow.

So, let there be light, and plenty of it in your home. Choose lamps and fixtures that are practical, of course. But more than that, let them be decorative, too. Both elements are essential.

Too many homemakers select lamps that are the last word in home fashion. But they shed too little light on the scene.

Middle-Age Symptom

Hubby settles down in his favourite chair with the evening paper and has to squint through the sports section. Secretly, he's depressed. His hair's gone, his eyesight's going; obviously middle-age is settling in.

His male ego is punctured and for no good reason—possibly all that's needed is a taller lamp, one that will illuminate his newspaper, and make the black and white prints stand out boldly.

Outdoor Ideas

There are ideas for outdoors—entrance fixtures to spotlight dangerous steps, show up house numbers, add a cheery welcome note and, for the garage, a lantern that will illuminate the

lock, make it easy to open doors at night.

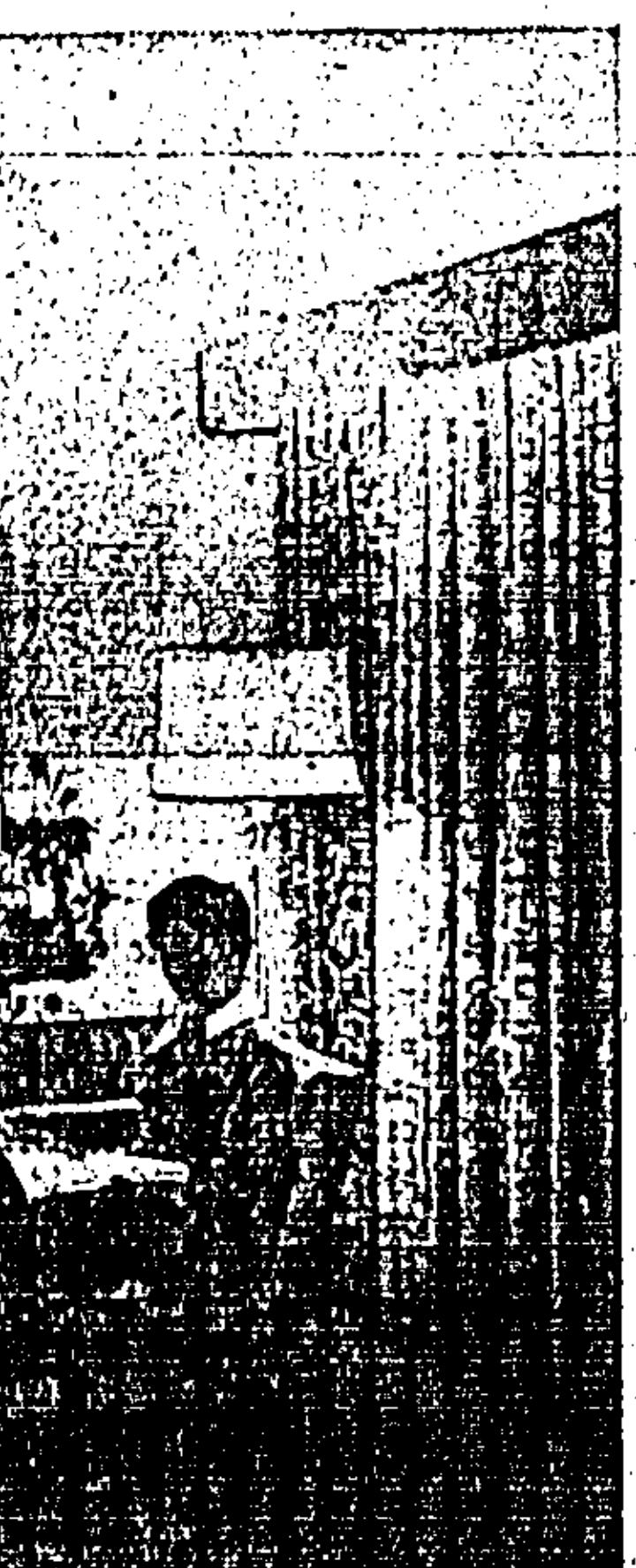
Fluorescent window valances are suggested if you want to give a room a spacious air. They're particularly useful in a dining setting if the table's next to the window. The valance provides visual comfort for reading or work, and it also lends dramatic emphasis to a table setting or decoration.

Flexible ceiling fixtures are something else to think about. A turn of the adjustable unit and you can switch your light interest from one side of the room to another.

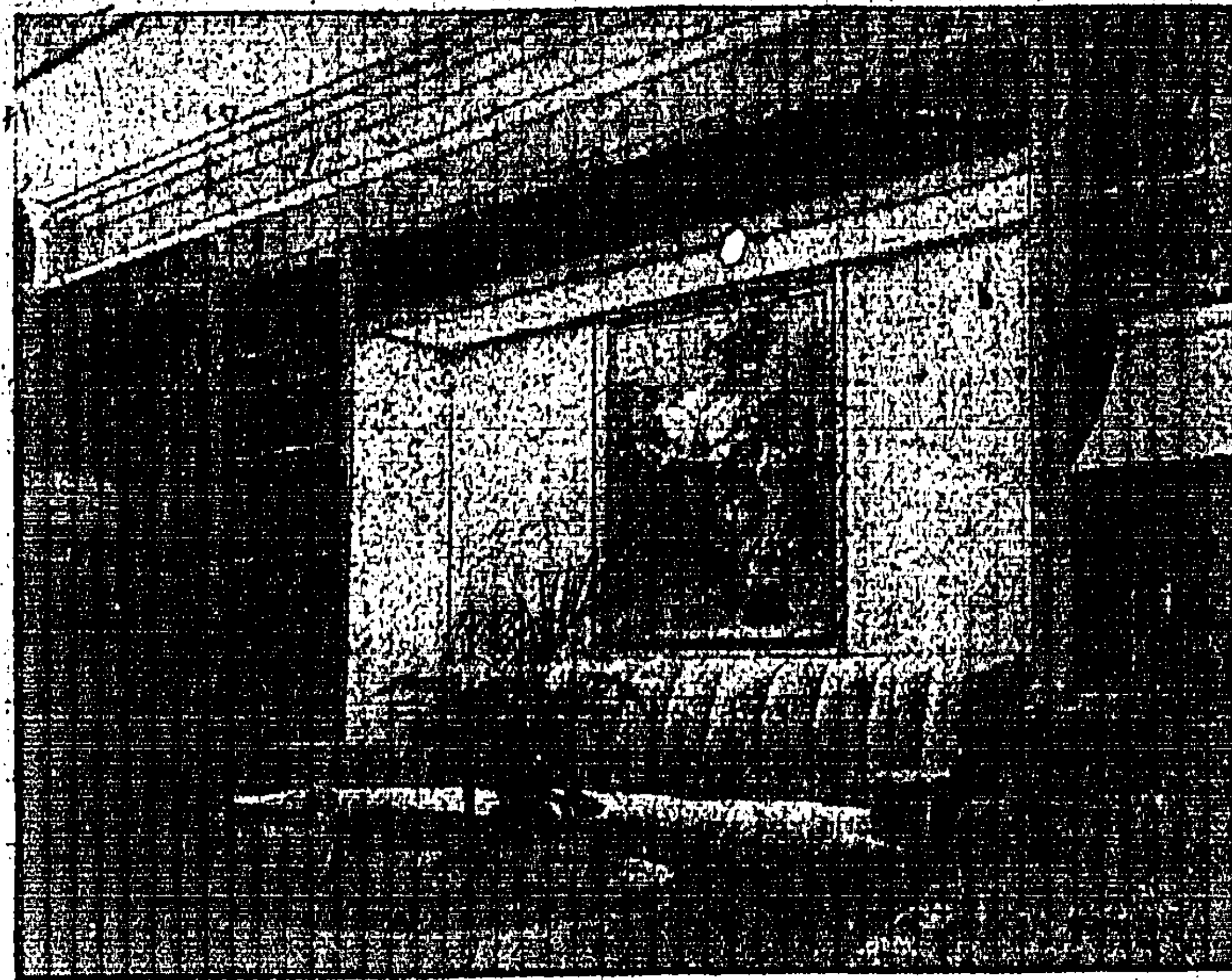
Overhead Fixtures

You can also achieve some interesting effects by placing fluorescent fixtures over sofas, beds, and work areas. These can be set into walls and ceilings attractively. Some of them are reproduced here.

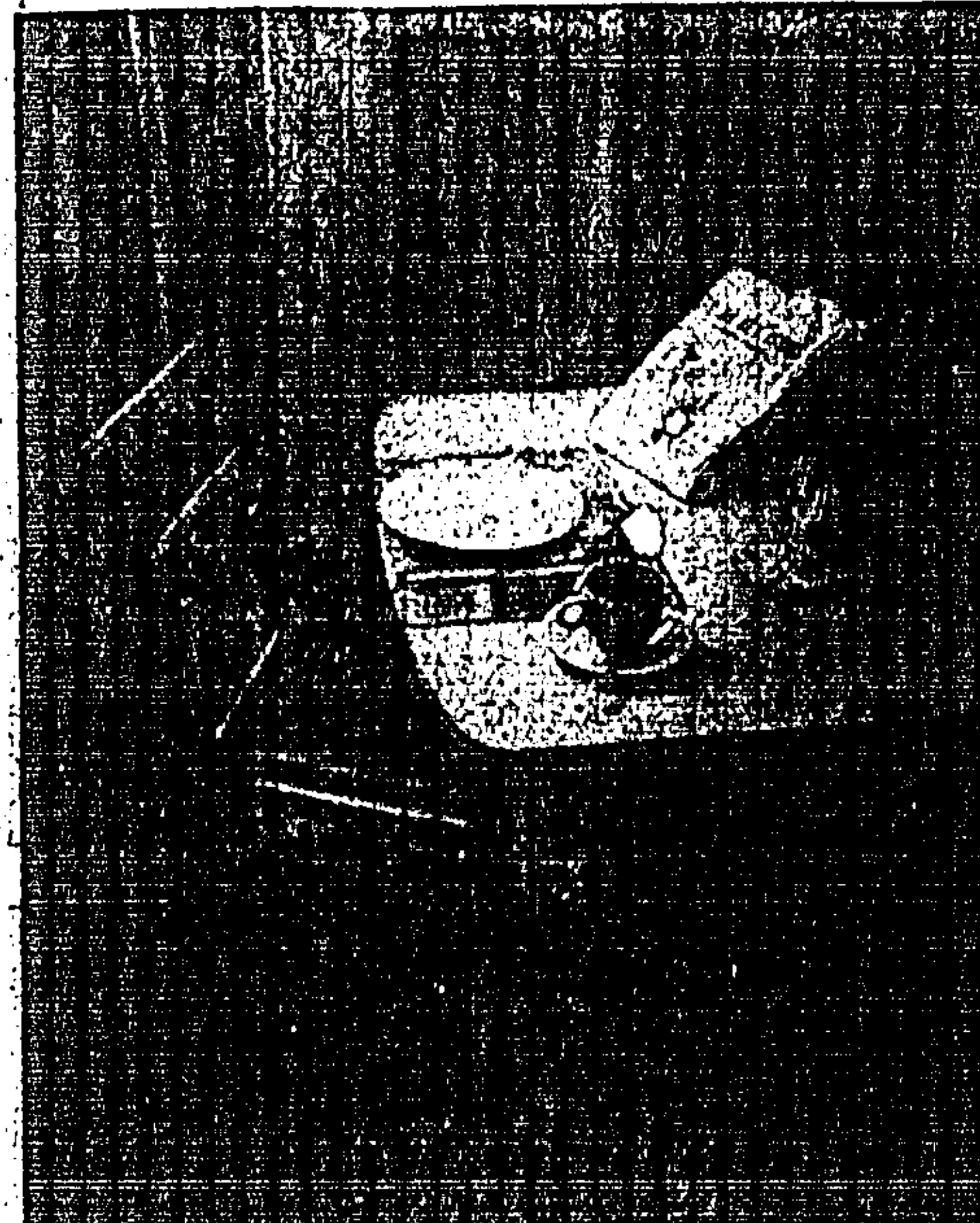
Don't overlook such ideas as framing pictures with light, or installing fixtures in cabinets to play up china or book collections. Professional decorators use these tricks all the time—and with a great amount of success.



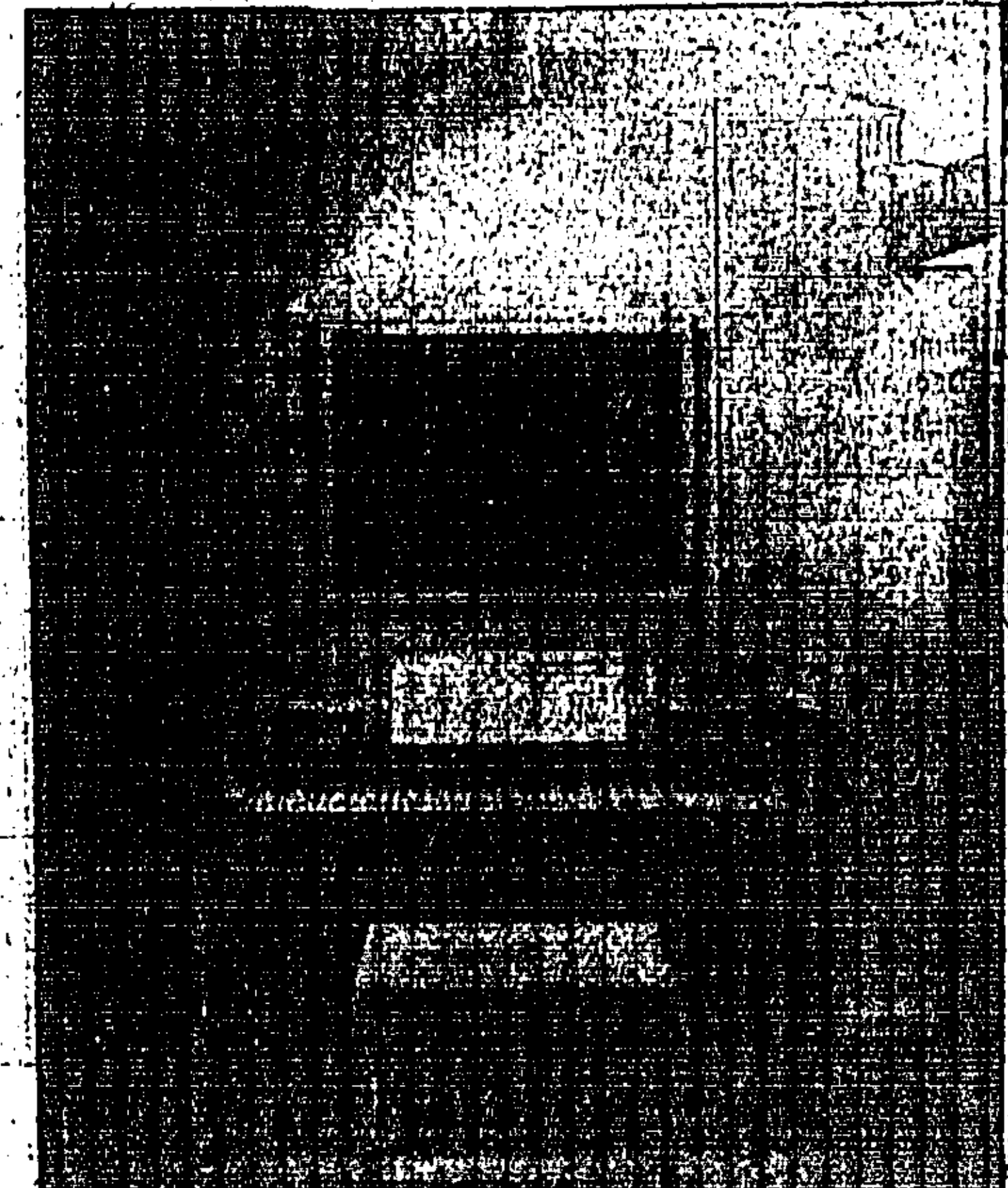
LAMPS INSTALLED IN A BOOKCASE illuminate prize possessions. They also glow through cabinet's glass top, highlighting painting.



A FLUORESCENT FIXTURE over the sofa makes an attractive point of interest in this room. It also provides illumination for reading.



READY FOR BREAKFAST! This table's next to a window that's equipped with a fluorescent valance that supplies reading light.



HERE'S A FLEXIBLE CEILING UNIT. It can be adjusted to spotlight various parts of the room. It's shown set for piano practice.



INSTALLATIONS needn't show. Shield fixture with a cornice as is shown atop this room divider.

Selecting Baby Furnishings

By ELEANOR ROSS

AN experienced mother will tell you that it pays to select baby's own "home furnishings" with the same thoughts about easy upkeep that apply to furniture selected for the rest of the house. Fortunately, many makers of baby furnishings are taking a highly realistic view of babies today, with the happy result that furniture for them is not only most attractive, but easy to look after and keep fresh-looking.

To begin at the beginning, bassinets are still as beautiful and bedecked as ever, but are as practical as they are pretty. Fills can be made of plastic in a range of nursery-right pastel colours. With no fuss, no muss, and no need to detach them, they can be kept as fresh, sparkling and germ-free as new simply by sponging the plastic materials daily with warm soapsuds, rinsing with clear warm water and wiping with a soft cloth.

Plastic Lining

The bassinet lining—where complete cleanliness is so vital—may also be made of plastic. And it can be sussed off and dried in a wink while baby is out of the bassinet.

Carriages, too, are designed for easy upkeep. Well for appearance. Such materials as plastic, plastic-covered fabric, leather, leatherette and canvas, which are being used extensively in carriage bodies, all come clean in a matter of minutes with soap and warm water. In the case of plastic and leather, a periodic coat of wax in thin application, then a thorough polishing, will keep the gleam warm and rich.

Metal Trims

Carriage trims are readily available in chromium and aluminium, both easy to care for. Simply wash these metals frequently with soap and hot water, rinse with hot water, then polish with a soft, clean cloth. And those attractive white tyres are easy to keep clean, too. If the markings are rubbed off with warm soapsuds while they're still fresh.

The need for cleanliness is not aside the carriage. It's met with linings of plastic and plastic-coated fabric, which can be sussed out daily before baby enters his car.

Washable Paint

Wooden furnishings, such as crib, playpen and high-chair, finished in washable enamel paint, are available in a wide variety of styles. Babies show pretty constantly on something frequently their furniture. Such items as cribs and playpens, the arms and back of high-chairs can be sponged off with soap and water. It's a good deal all around.

And the extras have been designed with as careful an eye for washability as have the basics. Such items as crib bumpers, playpen pads, playpen, high-chairs, and high-chairs can be had in plastic or plastic-covered fabric, and the daily sponging with soap and water will keep them looking as good as new.

Dowager's Hump Shows Up Your Age

BY IDA JEAN KAIN

THERE'S no denying that a dowager's hump reveals age. That cushion of fat perched solidly on the seventh cervical vertebra at the nape of the neck shouts, "past 40." The fact that it is often referred to as a hump of knowledge, indicating it comes with years of learning, is no consolation either.

The hump has been years in the making, but since it is behind your back, so to speak, it always appears to come quite suddenly. . . . One day when you look in the hand mirror, there's the hump. Having annexed it, you may think it is there for keeps. It need not be.

The correction is through remedial exercises and improved posture, with special emphasis on head carriage. To see how much of the trouble is caused by faulty posture, take this test. Stand, facing a wall, with toes touching the wall. In this posture, only your toes and chest should touch the wall. If your nose touches the wall, you carry your head too far forward. If the stomach touches, that means you are not pulling up with the brace of girdle muscles.

The first exercise will not only help to straighten out the "coat hanger" shoulders which foster the hump, but restores tone to the abdominal muscles. Tuck in these muscles gives the whole figure an uplift.

Position: Lying on back on floor. Feet elevated to low bench, arms down at sides, palms up, with backs of wrists against floor.

Movement: Flex alternate knees vigorously to chest, pulling up with girdle muscles and pressing small of back against the floor. At the same time, circle both around on floor overhead, keeping backs of



wrists on floor at all times. Swing arms back down to sides and circle again, flexing alternate knees, etc. This one exercise beats all others I know for getting posture back on the beam.

Now an exercise to work directly on the hump. . . .

Position: Lying on back, knees flexed, arms down at sides.

Movement: Contract the back muscles hard as you raise your shoulders about three inches off the floor, letting your weight rest on head and hips. Perform slowly and repeat exercise four times.

Since the dowager's hump stems directly from poor head carriage, back up these two exercises by practicing elegant head posture. The proper way to carry the head is squarely on your shoulders, with that line at the back of the neck almost straight and the chin held level.

Right at first this may seem stiff and unnatural. Practice it for three days, and you'll have a head carriage fit for a queen! And one day, not too long hence, when you check up on the dowager's hump, it won't be there!

Where there's a will there is an easy way to reduce. . . . Many women have a won't close their eyes when the cream puffs are passed. They won't walk if they can ride. . . . What happens? Muscles go soft, fat cells take possession. The waistline disappears. Hips follow a policy of expansion.

When movie stars are ordered to gain weight or lose it, they manage to do it and quickly, though most of them keep it

perfect form all the time. They are hard workers, too, with long hours at the studio. But, even so, they find time for a daily workout, so fibres won't go soft and the youthful outline vanish.

It is a good idea to try to visualise oneself in the future. Will you still be a lightweight or will you go on the "fashionista's" department?

Play safe. Before you step in tub or shower every morning, do bending exercises. Stand tall, touch your toes without bending your knees. It is an old routine, but one of the best.

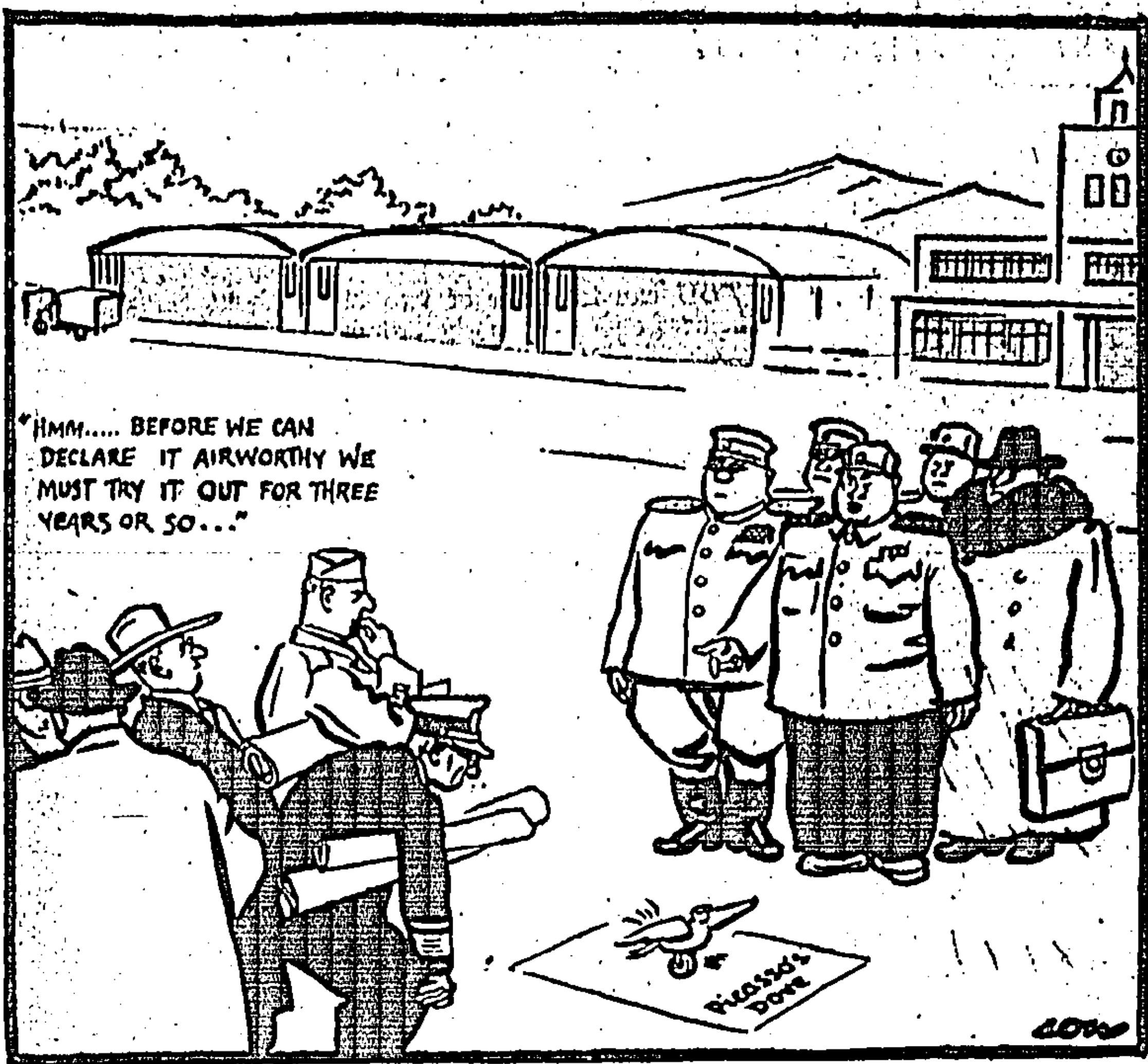
Swing your arms. Double a fist, swing it high, wide and handsome as if you were swinging a tennis racket. Six times, with one hand, six with the other, repeat. You will strengthen the chest muscle, give your chest an uplift and, if your breasts are too full or too flat, this exercise will have the most dramatic effect.

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A TYPEWRITER SENT HISS TO GAOL

A MAN goes to gaol in America. The case becomes celebrated wherever Communism versus Democracy is a live and throbbing issue.

But what happens if doubt arises after the man goes to gaol? What happens if lawyers outside America begin to query the way the case was argued?

Should they remain silent, recognising the differences between U.S. laws and, say, English laws? Or should they bring their keen legal minds to bear on the apparently conflicting testimony that sent the man to gaol?

Lord Jowitt, former Lord Chancellor, has no doubt what should be done in such a case. He takes it apart to see just how it came about that Alger Hiss went to gaol.

And he finds, in effect, that it all comes down to a typewriter. The typewriter, old and battered, was never produced in court since it had long ago been given away. But it ended the career of Hiss, a gifted and handsome young American public official.

The charge was perjury, denying that he had handed certain Government documents to a self-confessed Communist agent named Whittaker Chambers.

Hiss is still in a Federal penitentiary, doubtless brooding on the ruins of a once-promising career.

Procedure

CHAMBERS? He lives on his comfortable Maryland farm. He is a very rich man—from the proceeds of the book he wrote about the Hiss case, after he had been the prosecution's principal witness in it.

Tremendous passions were released in America by that affair. This was the period 1947-50, when the alarm bell was ringing throughout the U.S.A. over the threat of international Communism.

It coincided with Hiss's appearance before the House of Representatives Un-American Activities Committee and then his two long trials (the jury disagreed after the first).

Lord Jowitt is clearly taken aback by the many

—now comes the question: Have we the right to criticise?

and striking contrasts between British and American procedures both inside and outside the courtroom.

He says flatly that some of the evidence would have been totally inadmissible in a British court. He is clearly disturbed by the fact—for he returns, to it repeatedly—that the judge at the second trial did not review for the jury before they retired the complicated evidence given in the long and wearisome proceedings.

"Unless the judge is prepared to review the evidence he cannot give the jury any real help in performing their responsible duty. Under our system the judge would have been not merely entitled but required to make such a survey of the evidence."

Then, as to the emotions of the moment.

"There had grown up at the time of the trial a climate of opinion in America which was inimical to a calm and dispassionate hearing of the case," says Jowitt mildly.

The Un-American Activities Committee had performed a useful service in exposing Communist infiltration into Government departments, but it was "an unfortunate prelude to a trial on a serious criminal charge."

Libel action

ANOTHER point strikes Lord Jowitt as remarkable: It was Hiss himself, by bringing a libel action against Chambers (before the trials), who caused the sudden production of the incriminating documents (from such bizarre hiding places as a hallowed old pumpkin and a New York dumbwaiter shaft).

"It would require very considerable nerve to bring such an action—even though it could have been by no means pleasant for a man in the position Hiss had

section made that he had, even years before, been associated with the Communists.

"If a man so circumstanced were to decide that he had no option but to bluff it through, would he have instructed his counsel to press and press again for the production of the documents which would destroy him?"

That typewriter. Shorn of irrelevances and essentials the case against Hiss rested on the assumption—proved as far as the jury at the second trial was concerned—that Hiss himself typed out the documents on his wife's typewriter before giving them to Chambers.

'Life preserver'

WHO, asks Lord Jowitt, really did type them? Did Chambers have an opportunity of getting access to the typewriter?

In his best-seller book, "Witness," as Lord Jowitt points out, Chambers says that he needed "a life preserver in the form of copies of official documents stolen by the (Communist) apparatus which, should the Party move against my life, I might have an outside chance of using as a dissuader."

Says Lord Jowitt: "If Chambers, in some way unrevealed at present, had not access to that typewriter and had typed out photographed documents, which he was thus able to plant on Hiss, it would have been a wicked and dastardly act. But if a man believes that he is fighting for his life, he may be willing to take desperate steps."

"Chambers describes how he contemplated suicide before he decided to produce the documents, and how he actually tried to encompass that crime. But of this the jury knew nothing."

A "serious blemish" on the trial itself, says Lord Jowitt, was that "a wholly new case, based on the proposition that the peculiarities in the typewriter could be used to identify not merely the machine but the typist, was raised for the first time in the concluding speech for the Government."

If any such case had been made by the Government expert—and he had not made any such case—he could have been tested by cross-examination.

Misgivings

READING this book one can see on page after page the doubts and misgivings which beset Lord Jowitt about the case.

He is punctilious and polite to his law colleagues in America—but the criticism is there.

Lord Jowitt marshals the facts for his readers to decide. He was right to do so. For only by such penetrating discussion can the free nations ever reach

Concluding "They Have Their Exits"

HOME! WHAT MAGIC IN THAT ONE WORD!

By AIREY NEAVE
DSO, OBE, MC

THE troopship went her way in fine weather. Once a U-boat returning to its base caused an alarm. The men stood in three ranks on the boat deck with their lifejackets until the danger was over.

Interminably the troopship ploughed through the Atlantic until one cloudy morning a Sunderland circled, firing a recognition signal. There was a murmur of relief.

A day passed and we were in the fog of the Clyde, waiting to disembark. Alongside a huge liner, packed to the brim with American troops, moved slowly up the river. It was hard for me to grasp, I who had been reading Charlotte Brontë in the town of Colditz on the night of Pearl Harbour.

The escaped prisoners were permitted to land in advance and received orders to travel to Glasgow. We had to wait for the train, so Philip Newman led us along deserted streets until we came to a dreary pub where, without elation, we performed the ceremony of drinking our first pint of beer in Britain. Someone asked for a ham sandwich. There was shocked silence. A broad grin broke over the face of a scrawny Scotswoman and her laughter was like the wall of a banister. We edged our way out of the pub, disconsolate and embarrassed.

Hours later we sat, escapers of all ranks, at a round table in a Glasgow hotel, waiting to catch the night train to London.

Most of the men and women who took part in the struggle against Hitler would have given much to be in my place. Goering, Ribbentrop, Streicher and the rest—representatives of nations might journey to Nuremberg to see them in the dock, but it fell to me, their one-time prisoner, to meet them face to face within the narrow walls of their cells.

On October 18, 1945, I went with Colonel Andrus, U.S. Army, the prison governor, along a covered pathway to the main entrance. The iron gates closed behind us. It was like entering a dungeon of despair.

Hermann Goering stood beside his bed. He swayed a little and his long mouth twitched in a caricatured smile. He was a workaholic. It was the clue to a great mystery. Was there a tiny phial of poison wedged between his teeth? Had we surprised him with his secret means of suicide?

THE Reichsmarschall, a small, fat man in dove grey, gave me a comic bow as the prison officials gathered round me. With one hand he pointed to his bed. "I am afraid I cannot offer you a chair," he said politely. I explained my duties to him and suddenly his mood changed to one of depression.

"Go to his room," he said. The frail, rasping voice was still there without the bombast and heartiness of the days of his popularity.

We had some discussion, during which I asked him whether he wished for counsel of his own choice or for the Tribunal to appoint one for him.

"I have nothing whatever to do with lawyers," he said. "I want to see the face of the Tribunal. What is required is a good interpreter. I want my own private interpreter during the trial."

"You had better ask the Tribunal about that," Goering again bowed curiously and seemed to be ushering us out.

"Whose cell do we visit next?" I said to Colonel Andrus.

"Hess," he said; "now we shall see some fun."

RUDOLPH Hess, deputy of the Fuehrer, stood within a yard of me as the cell door opened. A burly military policeman clapped handcuffs round his thin wrists. Hess remained still. His eyes in their dark sockets were level with mine, looking straight through me. He lifted up his mangled hands in a queer gesture of derision as if to say: "I'm not as mad as they think. I shall not hurt you."

On this October afternoon he still wore the Luftwaffe flying boots, relics of his strange flight to Scotland in 1941. I handed him the indictment. We briefly discussed counsel for his defence and he asked: "Will you be tried with

At the station barrier, curious agents beamed before the little figure of the escaped prisoner. At nine o'clock in a waiting-room at the Great Central Hotel, now a transit camp, we were interrogated, and later Hugh Woodliff and I took a taxi to the Berkeley Hotel. We were gay and our conversation was absurd. For me the memory of that taxi drive has poignance for my companion was killed two years afterwards. All through our journey from the Swiss frontier he had thought only of joining the fight again.

The cloakroom attendant at the Berkeley gingerly placed my curious little bundle of effects on one side as I indulged in the exotic luxury of washing my hands among the rich and having my coat brushed.

In the Buttery I raised my glass and drank to Maurice and his friends of the French escape organisation. Smart women accompanied by smart officers on leave eyed us curiously. I was thinking now of my home in Essex and what I should find there in the evening. My mother, desperately ill during the months of my imprisonment and now recovered, a little. The chestnuts in full leaf, the May blossom and the white gates at the beginning of the drive of which I had so vividly dreamed in my cell in the prison of

TRUE white lips of the colonel moved in a dyspeptic grimace. "I do not know you," he said to us. "You may be German agents."

There was impatient laughter. The guard blew his whistle and we rushed past the barrier dragging the corporal with us. The officials stood stock still in outraged dignity but they did not attempt to restrict us. Even Hitler had not been able to do that.

The express drew into Euston on the morning of May 12, 1942.

AN IRONIC TASK FOR AN EX-POW

For two years after his escape from Colditz and return home Airey Neave worked to help members of the Resistance and returned to France in July, 1944, to organise the rescue of Serbians hidden in the forests. Later he aided the escape of Armenian survivors, and, in August 1945, was appointed to the British War Crimes Executive.

He spent some time at Easton collecting evidence against Gustav Krupp, head of the great armament firm. Then, as an official of the International Military Tribunal, there fell to him perhaps the most ironical task that has ever been the lot of an ex-prisoner of war: he was instructed to serve upon Goering and other Nazi leaders copies of their indictments at Nuremberg.

comrades who are in the cells here." "You will all be tried together," I told him.

Hess winked and looked at me with an expression of disdain in his mad eyes. "I do not like to be tried with Goering," he said primly.

The American policemen led me to another cell. I could see the face of the occupant through the window. A trim little man was looking at me with blue eyes and a large strawberry-coloured nose. The door opened with a flourish and showed him standing in an

old tunic with grey breeches. He wore felt slippers.

"Alfred Jodl?"

"Yes," Colonel-General Jodl, Chief of Staff of the High Command of the German Armed Forces, was looking critically at my Sam Browne. He displayed no emotion, and when I explained my mission to him he began to question me with brisk efficiency. What sort of lawyer should he have—an expert in international or criminal law? Could I supply papers and pencils? For a moment I felt half-amused compassion for the

block, hourly expecting death. Would it all be real? Newman and I took the train from Liverpool Street to our homes at Ingatstone. We spoke little, hardly noticing the extraordinary coincidence of our arrival home together. Our approach to the end of the journey was filled with tension and sadness. For Newman's father had died only a week before.

The train stopped at each station, jerking and puffing as of old. Harold Wood, then Brentwood, then Shenfield. From the grim window I noted the familiar signs of my childhood: the level-crossing gates, the old-fashioned lamps and the chimney-pots of the station.

MY father was alone on the platform. I walked up to him and we said nothing for a moment. It was not a time for words. No sentence which I could have selected would have seemed appropriate. I shook hands with the station-master, and then I was in the car travelling along the High Street, through the hedgerows until we came to the white gates. It was a year and a month since I had laid the towel at Flock. A year and a month for a vision to become a reality.

Some time later I went to Buckingham Palace and stood nervously before a Royal figure in naval uniform. Far away a string orchestra played in the Throne Room. The King shook me firmly and quickly by the hand and in these simple words restored my faith: "We are very glad to see you back."

General Staff officer, deprived of paper. Grand Admiral Doenitz roused less sympathy in me. Here was the man whom Hitler, in his last ravings, appointed as his successor. He was nervous and apprehensive and he looked despairingly at his indictment. Other characters in this remarkable tragedy of history were swiftly revealed to me as talking waxworks. Robert Ley—leader of the Labour Front, old and decayed by alcohol, slobbered as he looked at me hazily. Soon afterwards he tore a towel into strips and hanged himself from a wastepipe.

DR Walter Funk, once President of the Reichsbank and Minister of Economics, wore in his cell a long overcoat. His flabby face was the colour of dough and wore a look of abject misery. One of the principal accusations against him was the storing of gold extracted from

(Continued on Page 16)

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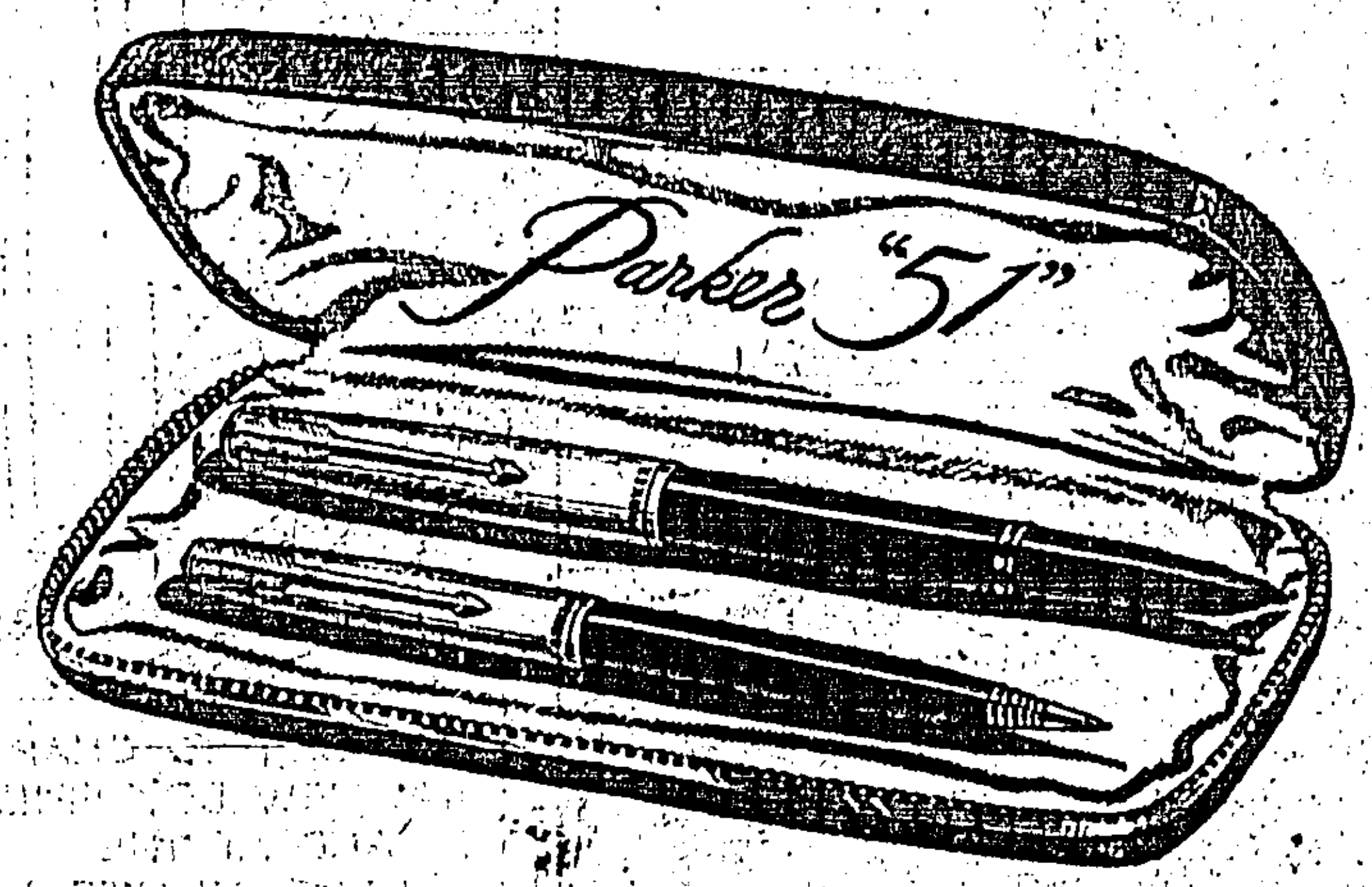
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HONG KONG BIRDS

By

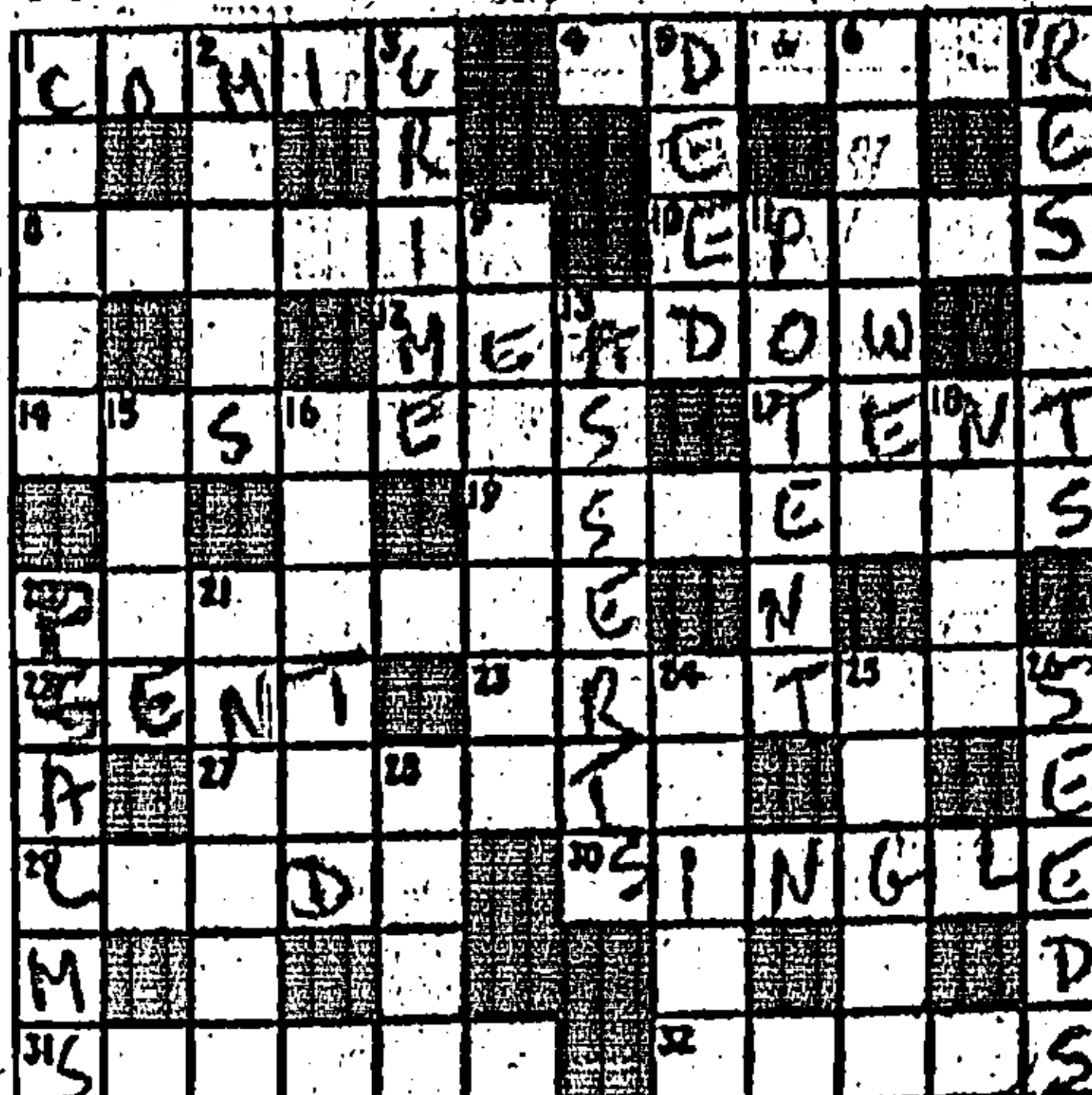
G. A. C. HERKLOTS

Illustrated in colour and black and white by
COMMANDER A.M. HUGHES,
O.B.E., R.N. (Retd)

THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS

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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- 1 Funny (5)
 - 2 Eight-legged creature (6)
 - 3 Sarcastic (5)
 - 4 Division (5)
 - 5 Surrounded by a ditch (6)
 - 6 Secures (7)
 - 7 Portable canvas shelter (4)
 - 8 Neck of land (7)
 - 9 Introduction (7)
 - 10 Despatched (4)
 - 11 Naive (7)
 - 12 Abundance (6)
 - 13 Cricket ground (5)
 - 14 Unmarried (6)
 - 15 Indian soldiers (6)
 - 16 Young ladies (5)
- DOWN**
- 1 Steep rock-face (5)
 - 2 Moves listlessly (5)
 - 3 Offence (5)
 - 4 Agreement (4)
 - 5 Plam (6)
 - 6 Plants again (6)
 - 7 Tapering (7)
 - 8 Deadly (6)
 - 9 States positively (7)
 - 10 Land measure (4)
 - 11 Crested (6)
 - 12 Fruits of a kind (4)
 - 13 Sacred songs (6)
 - 14 Enfold (6)
 - 15 Article (5)
 - 16 Famous composer (5)
 - 17 Plims to-be (5)
 - 18 Powdery (4)

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Charming, 8 Pall, 9 Revealed, 11 Released, 13 Stay, 15 Repetition, 18 Diligent, 19 Item, 21 General, 25 Carousal, 26 Moke, 27 Resulted. Down: 1 Spur, 2 Bill, 4 Hues, 5 Rued, 6 Inlet, 7 Giddy, 9 Rapid, 10 Vernal, 12 Erect, 14 Annual, 16 Sties, 17 Label, 19 Incur, 20 Earls, 21 Gull, 22 Nave, 23 Agog, 24 Stew.



THIS DREAM MEANS:
The second part of this dream indicates that you feel insecure; the first part reveals why.
In the second part your balance is precarious and if you lose it you will be at the mercy of the sea (see your subconscious emotions).
Just as the horse, lion, eagle, etc., symbolize the masculine instincts, so the cow is



one symbol of the feminine instincts. Being fenced in by cows symbolizes your fear that your freedom may be restricted by the demands of the femininity in your nature; presumably what you fear are the responsibilities of marriage and family life.
In marriage and love—as in life generally—there must always be an element of chance and adventure. No way of living can guarantee complete security.

The SNAPSHOT GUILD



Here is an example of a very pleasing informal arrangement of a family group. Note the natural and relaxed pose of the subjects.

The Family Group Picture

YOU mustn't pass up the opportunity for making pictures that every member of the family will treasure throughout his life.
Posing a group of people is more often than not, something of a problem. If you follow the course of least resistance, as so many people do, you'll line them

up in stiff rows, like pickets in a fence, and let them stare into the camera. That is the easiest way to do it—and the reason why most family group pictures make you wince when you come across them in an album. As a rule, they are pretty grim.

You'll find it very worth your while to plan a little and manage to place your subjects in a relaxed, natural, informal pose.

Keep your eyes open for spots around the house where fairly large groups can be arranged informally.

For group pictures evenness of light is very important. Therefore, you may want to do most of your shooting outdoors. If your lighting equipment is limited. Secondly, the size of the group which you should try to take in one picture is determined by the capacity of your camera to register detail through considerable fore-and-aft distance.

This depth-of-field requirement calls for a reasonably small lens opening—and that means you need strong light or a longer-than-normal exposure.

With a focusing-type camera, it is well to set the lens for a point midway in the group—say the second row in a picture like the one we show. The small lens aperture will then give forward as well as rear-row sharpness.

—John van Guilder

-Noble Cockney-

YET THERE'S A WHIFF OF THE THIEVES' KITCHEN; A HINT OF THE BLACK MARKET, IN THE WAY LONDONERS TALK.

THE COCKNEY. By Julian Franklyn. Andre Deutsch. 18s. 332 pages.

YOU can take one of two views about the vernacular of London, properly pronounced *Cotney*.

EITHER "the Cockney mode of speech, with its unpleasant twang, is a modern corruption without legitimate credentials, and is unworthy of being the speech of any person in the capital city of the Empire." (Report on the Teaching of English in Elementary Schools, published LCC, 1950)

OR "this vigorous retort, made by someone with the not very Cockney name of Mackenzie MacBride:

"London dialect is a perfect legitimate and recognizable child of the old Kentish tongue."

Professor Ernest Weekley declared that of all the English dialects "none is of such interest as Cockney, that noble blend of East Merican, Kentish and East Anglian which, written by Chaucer, printed by Caxton... has given us the literary English of the present day."

London women sometimes blur an initial *i* thus, "Every Tuesday Tasm's 'tsome lish tea changes." (Every Tuesday, Tom's time for tea changes.)

How many Cockneys will believe that their ancestors used to say *up*, not and *net* (why, what and when)? "Wot? Maw-greenfawwer weren't a bleen fawner?"

In London, it is apt to become a "A lot of entry bottles near a lampost" whilst the *in* in *revenge* creeps into words, it does not properly belong. "We were under *camerest* as Cockney, that noble blend of East Merican, Kentish and East Anglian which, written by Chaucer, printed by Caxton... has given us the literary English of the present day."

Gun or gunner is a *mod* address conveying respect, but emphatically not servility; cock-indiscriminately applied to all ages and both sexes, is as old as Bow Bells and has a nuance of consideration. "Smarrn, cock?" is the correct way to address a weeping child in the street. Pal has come in from America; so to a less extent, has *bruv* (brother).

To convey the true flavour of Cockney, says Mr. Franklyn, it is more important than phonetics. A Cockney would never have said of Mr. Chamberlain's trip to Munich, "E hadn't a ought to a went." Correct version: "E never aw' 'baw gun."

Sprinkle double negatives freely, as Shakespeare did. "That's no way to talk to your mother." A favourite conversational opening will be, "Don't talk to me about" (e.g., "the National", "Eal").

Erudite Mr. Franklyn's recipe for speaking the noble blend of East Merican, Kentish, and East Anglian is to speak the *lisp* slightly, not more than an eighth of an inch, draw them back, against the gums and, without relaxing any of the muscles employed, articulate. The sounds simply happen.

Wyn't yeh try it, guv?

★
COLLECTED POEMS: 1934-1952. By Dylan Thomas. Dorr. 12s. 6d. 178 pages.

A SHORT, fat, untidy, curly-haired man born 38 years ago is the most discussed of Britain's younger poets. He is Dylan Marlais Thomas, son of a Swansea schoolmaster, and now living in Carmarthen with his Irish wife, Caitlin, and their children.

Occasionally he emerges from this retreat to lecture in the United States, where he has a big public, or to read poetry on the radio. For this latter form of exhibition he has a gift, unique among poets. He recites verse, with a Welsh dramatic fire, a Welsh gravity of voice, a sense of timing all his own.

Nineteen years ago, Thomas's first sheet of poems were issued from a tiny London press near Red Lion Square. He had come to London as a free-lance journalist. The poems caught the eyes of the sons of Lascelles Abercrombie, distinguished old-guard poet. Two years later, Thomas's second set of verses astounded Deans, his publishers, by selling 3,000 copies.

★
But if the poems pleased some, they puzzled more. What, for example, did Thomas mean when he said, "This shipyard at Galloway footprints like a heavy of doors"? What was the answer to a question like this: "Because the pleasure bird whistles after the hot wires, 'Shall the blind horse sing sweeter?"

Soon Thomas's verse had powerful champions. Edith Sitwell: "The work of this young man is on a huge scale." Herbert Read: "The most absolute poetry that has been written in our time." His portrait was painted by John. Among the modern books in a Great Britain Exhibition, for the Festival of Britain, was a volume of Dylan Thomas's verse. He had arrived.

But where? Doubters gull about the poetaster, Montgomery. His writing bears the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture. There are colours in the carpet, but of which a picture might be made. "And I must enter again the round Zion of the water-pot." And the *sympot* of the ear of corn. His tangled and tedious images seem to impart a secret but do not quite keep the promise they hint at. Pictures they are, but not pictures. They exert a spell on some realm of our brain, which is sensitive but they are written for the love of the word, the love of the word, the love of the word. The love of the word, the love of the word, the love of the word.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

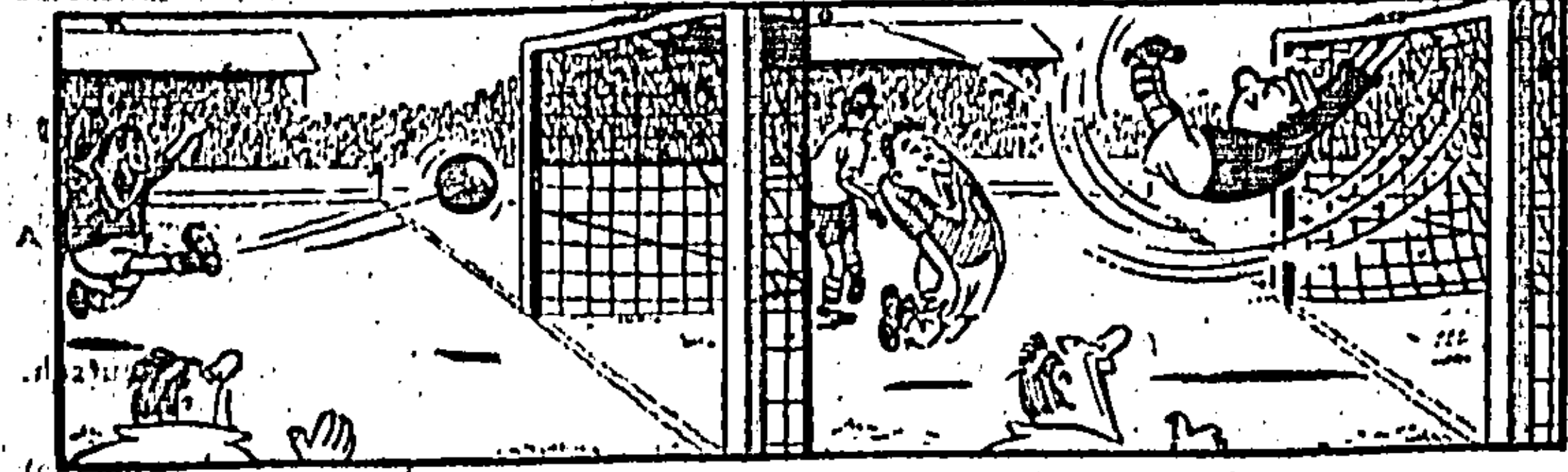
Those Contrary Days

BY HARRY WEINERT



SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Professional Football Clubs To Declare War On The Amateurs

By ARCHIE QUICK

The professional football clubs are to declare War on the amateurs. At a private meeting in London, attended by many league and non-league clubs, it was decided to propose to the Football Association that the FA Cup competition be limited to 128 professional clubs and the amateurs be confined to their own competition.

The proposal will not, of course, be carried, but the idea was that the 92 League clubs be augmented by 36 non-League clubs from the Southern and like Leagues, with the purpose of giving Third Division and non-League clubs a better chance of sharing big games with First and Second Division sides.

Partly through a successful run in the earlier stages of the Cup competition, with a replay, or two, Finchley recently had a programme of 14 League and Cup matches in 13 weekdays—two on the same evening in some cases. To make the position even more farcical, Finchley "imported" as many as 94 players from other clubs to help them out, and in one game they fielded ten Malden United players!

The professional clubs' other big grievance is the allocation of Cup Final tickets. Those that do not go to the Finalists, the Football Association and the Wembley Stadium authorities are handed in the main by County Associations. This is what happens: "X" Rovers, a County League side, will say, and their counterparts up and down the country get their allocation. More often than not it is the officials of those clubs who see the Final.

That is wrong, say the professionals. The people who should have them are the regular supporters of professional sides. After all, the amateurs get their Wembley allocation for the FA Amateur Cup Final, so get two bites at the cherry.

Moreover, say the professionals, the people who go to The Cup Final are those who all the rest of the year look down upon professional football. Therefore, they suggest that the distribution should be taken away from the County Associations and put into the hands of a Professional Committee or the Football League itself, plus representatives of non-League sides.

Once again, of course, there will be no alteration to the present procedure. Where there is going to be a change, however, is in the players' wages for floodlight football. Now we have the ludicrous position of Football League players getting only £2 for a win and £1 for a draw

extra in their weekly wage packet while the Scottish players they are meeting under the lights are drawing anything up to £20 a match extra, win, lose or draw. Next season it is almost certain that all League clubs playing floodlight matches will pay their team a fixed "overtime" scale.

A final explosion is going to occur over the Football Association's decision allowing the Cup Final to be televised and broadcast. The League clubs are up in a arms. They were forced in self-defence—all except Portsmouth and Brighton—to alter their fixtures to midweek, and an example was pointed in Sunderland's home game with Cardiff City. The gate was only 7,000—the lowest in the Roker Park Club's long history and it made about £3,000 difference in their income.

CONTROVERSY

One of the current controversies in Soccer is: "Does National Service ruin, mar or hinder a professional's career?" Chelsea manager Ted Drake says it does and points to the off-form of his recently demobilised Bobby Smith. But one could point to a dozen instances in the reverse.

Biggest example in favour of my argument is the selection of Tommy Taylor for England's South American tour, Barmesley got £30,000 from Manchester United for him less than a year after he had completed his National Service. And what about Jackie Henderson, who is leading the Portsmouth attack so well? He was demobilised and received a Scotland "B" cap within a month.

Then there is Bobby Johnstone, of Hibs, who was in Scotland's team against England at Wembley. He was a soldier not two years ago. And "Golden Boy" Ivor Allchurch, of Swansea, Martin, Aberdeen's goalkeeper,

Yorston, their inside forward; Dodgin, of Arsenal; Hazell, of Bolton; and so many others.

And what about Euan Fenton? Up to a month or two ago he was the Army football captain and left half; he played for Blackpool against Bolton in the Cup Final.

Humphries went straight out of khaki into Motherwell's first team, and every one of the present Army eleven is more or less a regular first team player with his club. So it would seem that all the pointers are against Mr Drake.

Here are a few more names of men who have made good since they were demobilised, and who were unknown before their National Service: Slokes and Hannah (Newcastle), Jones and Pice (Villa), the Hills (Coventry), Bannister (Birmingham City), Whitfield and Gutteridge (Wolves) and so on and on. Bobby Smith, of Chelsea, is the exception who proves the rule.

Mr Drake tells a good story, however, of when he played for England against Italy at Highbury. The players had to report to a Hendon hotel. Drake lived at Finlay Park. He was duly handed his expenses by the FA Treasurer, the late Mr. Harry Hubbard. Total amount: one shilling and sevenpence. Not a farthing more! There was another occasion when Ted appeared for his country and his out of pocket expenses came to 19s 11d. Mr Hubbard handed him a pound note, and got his penny change!

Mr Drake is convinced that England has made a mistake in embarking on the Argentine-Chile-Uruguay-USA adventure. "Our prestige can be ruined," he says, "and the players can come back tired out. Their clubs will suffer. We need quick-tackling players to keep out the Latin sprinters."

RECREIO MEET INDIANS IN A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS AT SOOKUNPOO

By "TOUCHER"

The 43rd Colony Lawn Bowls League season opens this afternoon with a full programme of four First Division, four Second Division and five Third Division matches.

Highlighting the afternoon's matches will be the First Division clash between the 1950 and 1951 Champions, Indian Recreation Club and the current holders, Club de Recreio.

On the line-ups announced, these clubs must be regarded as the two top contenders for Senior honours this season, although extremely keen competition is to be expected from Kowloon Dock Club, Kowloon Cricket Club, Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Craigengower Cricket Club.

The Indians were greatly handicapped last year by the absence of the Omar brothers in their earlier matches and the constant reshuffling of the rinks in their later games.

The inclusion of the Omar brothers from their very first match this year will put them in a favourable position to regain the Senior title.

On paper, however, they seem to be slightly weaker than Recreio. The strongest of their three rinks is the Colony Rink Championship combination of A.R.A. Rahman, K.M. Rumsan, M.B. Hassan and U.A. Rumsan. This quartet may be expected to gain one point for the Indians or at least hold their own in the aggregate score.

The two other Indian rinks, however, do not appear to be as strong. U.M. Omar, though slightly out of practice, can always be relied upon as one of the sides. A.M. Omar as his No. 3 is a little unreliable, playing brilliantly at times, but falling off badly at other occasions.

A.B. Kitchell was one of the best leads in the 1951 season, but fell badly off last year and much of the effectiveness of this rink will depend on his form, and on that of the No. 2, I. Ali, who on paper are weaker than the two first men of any of the Recreio rinks.

FULLY DESERVED

A.R. Kitchell fully deserved his promotion from Second Division to First Division skip, and his consistent play should enable him to hold his own in the skip position.

K.M. Omar is another temperamental player on whose form of the day the result will largely hinge. Yusuf is a reliable drawing man in the No. 2 position, but M. I. Razek will find it difficult to hold his own against the formidable Recreio array of No. 1's in G.A. Gutierrez, C.F. Remedios and Spottis. Ferial, conspicuously absent from the Indian line-ups are the two Minu brothers, A.K. and A.R. Minu.

The Recreio squad are an exceptionally well-balanced side consisting of 10 players out of their last year's winning team, with practically every man in the right place.

The IRC green is playing much better than last year. Recreio, who can play an aggressive game when required, should

strike the first blow in this meeting of the giants and return home with at least four points. Another good match will be that between Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Kowloon Cricket Club at Austin Road.

Both teams are evenly matched with the Bowling Green Club appearing to be slightly the stronger and better-balanced.

Kowloon Cricket Club will depend on a great number of newly promoted bowlers in E.E. Lee, J. Chubb, W.H. Cowie, and J. Tang and a new skip in F.C. Madar. A 4-1 win for KBGC is very likely.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
TC v. KDC.
IRC v. Recreio.
KCC v. KBGC.
PRC v. CCC.

Second Division
KCC v. HKCC.
Recreio "B" v. KDC.
IRC v. Recreio "A".
KBGC v. FC.

Third Division
FC v. USRC.
Recreio v. TIC.
POC v. KCC.
PRC v. HKFC.
CCC v. HKERC.

Lindrum On Snooker

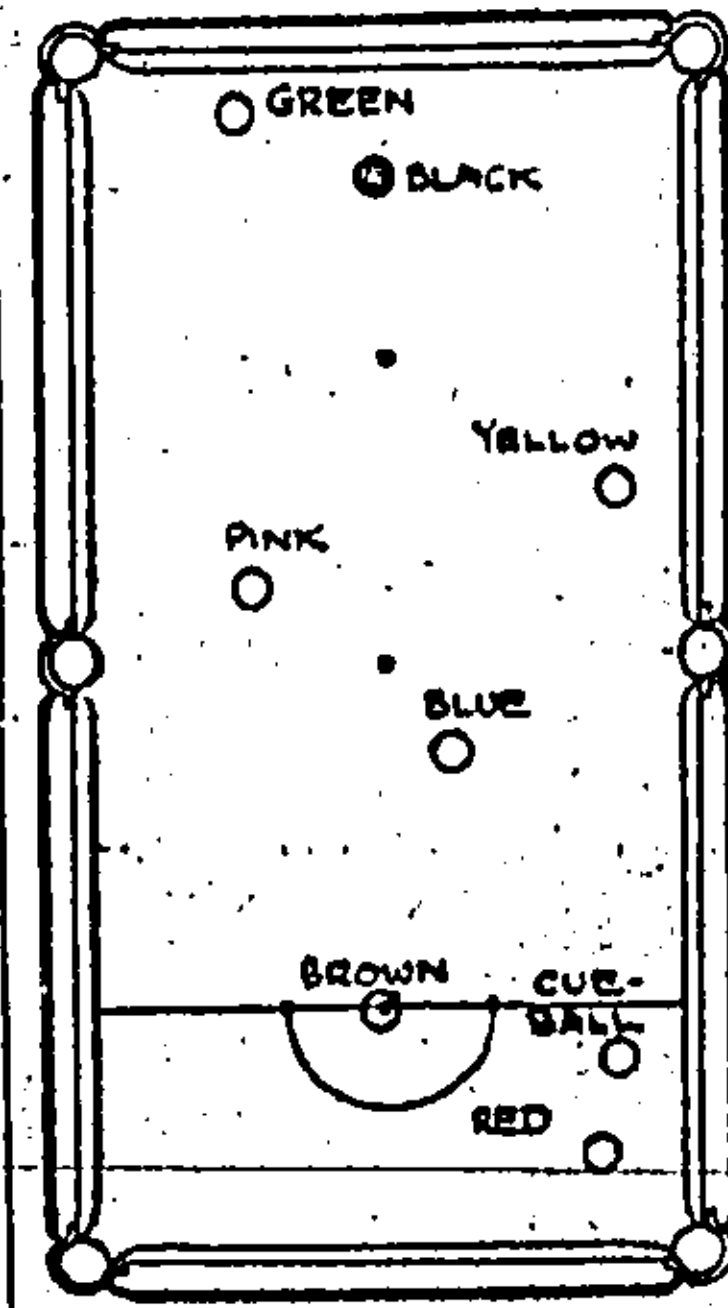
In a recent exhibition game I was presented with the position I left you with last week.

I took a firm shortened grip on the butt of the cue and addressed the cue-ball on the extreme right—putting the red into the top left-hand corner pocket and screwing the cue-ball back on to the top right-hand side cushion; with the aid of powerful running-side the white ball made contact with the black kissing it gently over the middle right-hand pocket.

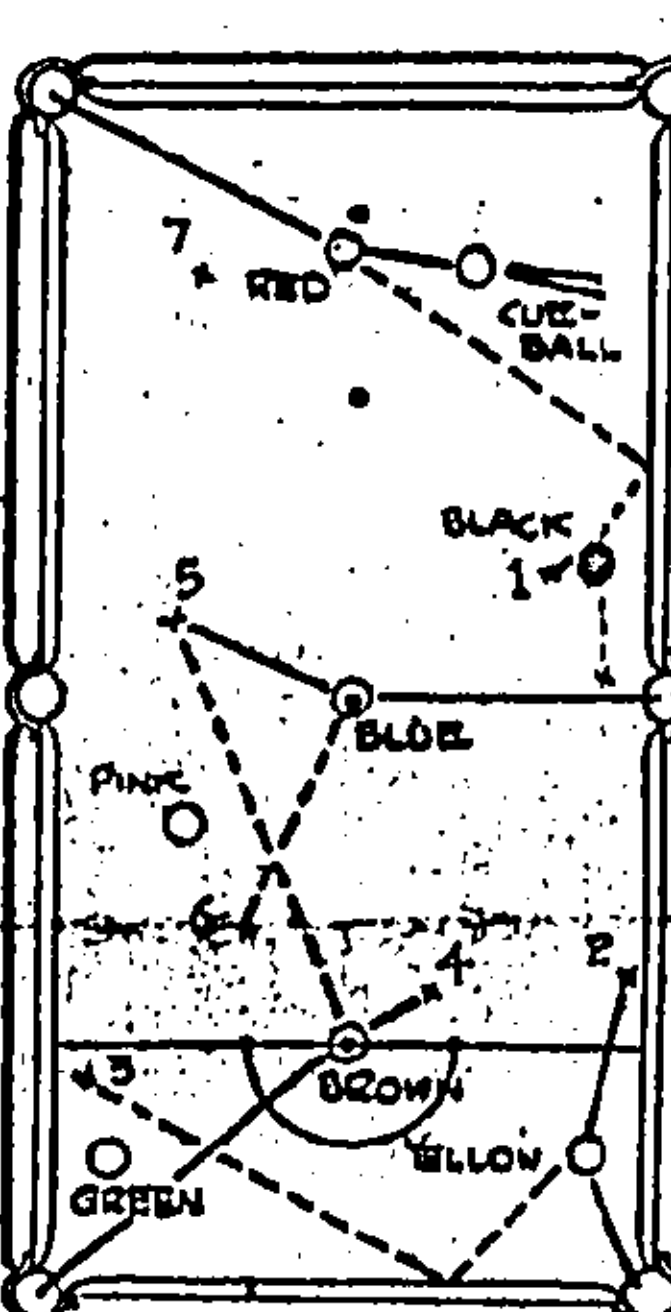
Taking the black from X1 into the right middle pocket I made certain that the cue-ball followed through to come to rest on the bottom right-hand side cushion, X2, leaving an angle pot on the yellow.

The yellow was now potted into the bottom right-hand corner pocket and with a little right-hand side on the white ball contact was made with the bottom cushion and a perfect position obtained for the green, X3.

You To Play Until Next Week



Here is a position from which you can clear the table. What would you do? (Next week Horace Lindrum will demonstrate what he would do).



I now addressed the cue-ball high and a little to the left, to pot the green into the bottom left-hand corner pocket. The cue-ball made contact with the bottom cushion speedily enough to come off and finish just over the baulk line for position on the brown, X4.

The blue was the key ball for obtaining the remaining colours. So I potted the brown into the bottom left-hand corner pocket and screwed the white ball past the blue to come into position, X5.

A shortened grip on the cue and the low striking of the white ball was necessary for potting the blue into the right-hand middle pocket, screwing the cue-ball into correct position for the pink, X6.

Striking the white high with a follow-through cue-action I potted the pink into the left-hand middle pocket and came into position for the black to be potted into the top right-hand corner pocket, X7.

Many Snooker enthusiasts consider that diagram snooker or playing on paper gives the impression that the game is far easier than it is, but all readers who have had the opportunity of seeing a first-class amateur or a professional in action—providing he is on form—will know that a player who has mastered all aspects of the game can make the play on the green cloth look equally simple when in actual fact it hides the most consummate skill.

NOTICE

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

Draft Programmes and Entry Forms for the Whitson Race Meeting 1952/53 to be held on Saturday 23rd and Monday 25th May, 1953, (weather permitting) may be obtained at the Secretary's Office, Alexandra House, the Club House, Happy Valley; and the Stables, Shan Kwong Road.

Entries close at 12 o'clock NOON on Tuesday 12th May, 1953.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. Miao,
Secretary.

PURE ELEGANCE!

"SIR"

Bow Ties

by Botany*



We know your eyes will light up the moment they fall on these excellent cravats. Superbly fashioned... wonderful fabrics... and a marvelous choice of unusually smart patterns that will add just the right note of distinction to your wardrobe. See these fine "SIR" Bow Ties at your favourite shop today.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J., U. S. A.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

THIRTEENTH RACE MEETING 1952/53

Saturday 2nd & Saturday 9th May, 1953

(Hold under the Rules of The Hong Kong Jockey Club)

The programme will consist of 10 races each day. The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2 p.m. on both days.

Through Tickets for the 2nd Day (10 Races) = \$20.00 also tickets at \$2.00 each for the Cash Sweep on the last race, may be obtained at the Cash Sweep Office of the Club at Queen's Building, Ground Floor, Chater Road.

To avoid congestion at the Cash Sweep Office at Queen's Building, sweep tickets may also be purchased at the Club's Branch Offices at—

5 D'Aguilar Street, Hong Kong
or
382 Nathan Road, Kowloon

TOTALISATOR

The attention of Totalisator Investors is drawn to the following rules—

Dividends will be paid on the winning and placed ponies so declared by the Stewards when the "ALL CLEAR" is given. The "ALL CLEAR" signal will be indicated by a white light at the Totalisator Tower. BACKERS ARE ADVISED NOT TO DESTROY OR THROW AWAY THEIR TICKETS UNTIL AFTER THE "ALL CLEAR" SIGNAL HAS BEEN EXHIBITED.

Totalisator Tickets should be examined and checked before leaving the Selling Counters as mistakes of any description cannot be rectified later.

Cash received in respect of Dividends should be checked before leaving the Pay-Out Counters as no claim for short payment of the value of tickets presented can be entertained once Investors have left the Counters.

All winning tickets and tickets for refunds must be presented for payment at the Race Course on the day to which they refer; but none will be paid later than one hour after the time for which the last race of the day has been scheduled to be run.

In no circumstances will any Dividends be paid or refunds made unless a ticket is produced. Payment WILL NOT be made on torn or disfigured tickets.

MEMBERS' BADGES AND ENCLOSURE

Members and guests are reminded that they and their ladies MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the Meeting.

NO ONE WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE.

Badges admitting ladies not in possession of Brooches and gentlemen, non-members of the Club, to the Members' Enclosure and the Club Rooms at \$10.00 per day including tax, for ladies or gentlemen are obtainable through the Secretary at Alexandra House, on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him, and for payment of all bills, etc.

Only a limited number of badges admitting to Members' Enclosure will be on sale at the Race Course.

The Branch Offices and the Secretaries' Comptroller Office will close at 11 a.m. and the Secretary's Office at 11.45 a.m. each day. The Secretaries' Comptroller Office is situated at Queen's Building, Ground Floor, Chater Road, and the Secretary's Office at Alexandra House, 8th Floor.

A limited number of tickets will be obtainable at the Club House provided they are ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 27818).

NO CHILDREN WILL BE ADMITTED TO THE CLUB'S PREMISES DURING THE MEETING.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The Price of admission to the Public Enclosure will be \$3.00 per day including tax for all persons including Ladies and will be payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Public Enclosure during a Meeting will forfeit his or her right of admission to the Enclosure and will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

BOOKMAKERS, TIC TAC MEN, ETC. WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO OPERATE WITHIN THE PREMISES OF THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB.

MEALS AND REFRESHMENTS WILL BE OBTAINABLE IN THE RESTAURANT IN THE PUBLIC ENCLOSURE.

SERVANTS' PASSES

Servants' passes will be issued to private box holders only, who are requested to distribute them with discrimination and to endorse their names on the passes. Holders of such passes are not permitted in the Members' Enclosure except for passing through on their duties and must remain in their employers' stands.

Owing to the congestion in the Members' Betting Hall and at Booths adjacent to Boxes in the Coffee Room, Box-holders and Members are requested to ensure that their servants make use only of the Public Betting Hall. Military Police will be posted at various points in the enclosure to ensure that this regulation is adhered to.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. Miao,
Secretary.

Worth Looking Into Now!

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LTA Nominates Six Boys And Two Girls

Six boys and two girls have been nominated by the British Lawn Tennis Association under the fund started last year. They are R. Wilson, W. Knight, A. Pickard, M. Hann, P. Moy and C. Day and Miss V. Pitt and Miss B. Cox.

Their nomination means that the cost of much of their lawn tennis this year will be paid by the LTA and they may even be sponsored on a trip to Australia during the winter, as Knight was last year. (London Express Service).

Headed for six



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CHINA NAVIGATION CO., LTD.

SAILINGS TO			
"SHANGHAI"	Keelung	8 p.m.	9th May
"FOOCHOW"	Yokohama	8 a.m.	10th May
"FUKIEN"	Djakarta, Semarang, Surabaya & Macassar	8 a.m.	11th May
"PAKHOT"	Kobe, Yokohama, Nagoya & Osaka	3 p.m.	12th May
"YUNNAN"	Tientsin	10 a.m.	16th May
"SHANGHAI"	Keelung	10 a.m.	20th May
"HUPH"	Shanghai	10 a.m.	21st May
"FENGTIEN"	Tientsin	10 a.m.	21st May
"FOYANG"	Singapore, Belawan & Penang	8 a.m.	22nd May
"FUNGING"	Bangkok, Semarang, Djakarta, Macassar, Surabaya & Macassar	8 a.m.	26th May
Sails from Custodian Wharf			
ARRIVALS FROM			
"PAKHOT"	Tientsin	10th May	
"YUNNAN"	Bangkok	11th May	
"SHANGHAI"	Keelung	14th May	
"YUNNAN"	Shanghai	14th May	
"HUPH"	Kobe	20th May	
"FENGTIEN"	Kobe	21st May	
"FOYANG"	Kobe	21st May	
"FUNGING"	Kobe	24th May	

A.O. LINE LTD./C.N. CO., LTD., JOINT SERVICE

SAILINGS TO			
"CHANGSHA"	Sydney & Melbourne	Noon	12th May
"TAIWAN"	Japan	24th May	
"TAIWAN"	Japan	5th June	
ARRIVALS FROM			
"CHANGSHA"	Kobe	10th May	
"TAIWAN"	Australia & Manila	25th May	
"TAIWAN"	Australia & Manila	1st June	

BLUE FUNNEL LINE

Scheduled Sailings to Europe via Aden & Port Said.			
"ASTYANAX"	Liverpool & Glasgow	14th May	
"AENEAS"	Glasgow	24th May	
"ASCANIUS"	Genoa, London, Rotterdam & Hamburg	25th May	
"PYRRHUS"	Marseilles, Dublin, Liverpool & Glasgow	6th June	
"TELEMACHUS"	Liverpool & Glasgow	14th June	
Scheduled Sailings from Europe			
S. "ASCANIUS"	Liverpool	11 a.m. 9th May	Arrives Hong Kong
G. "PYRRHUS"	do	15th May	
G. "TELEMACHUS"	do	23rd May	
G. "ASCANIUS"	do	29th May	
G. "AENEAS"	3rd May	7th June	
G. "PYRRHUS"	7th May	13th June	
G. "TELEMACHUS"	10th May	22nd June	
G. "AENEAS"	24th May	28th June	
G. "PYRRHUS"	24th May	28th June	

DE LA RAMA LINES

ARRIVING FROM U.S. ATLANTIC & PACIFIC COAST PORTS.

"DONA NATI"	29th May
"BENARES"	22nd June
"VESSEL"	20th June
"DONA NATI"	5th July

Accept cargo for Kingston and to Central & South American ports on through bills of lading.

Route	Departure Hongkong	Arrives U.K. (on return)
HK/Bangkok/Singapore (DC-4)	7.00 a.m. Tue. Fri. 7.15 a.m. Wed. Sat.	3.30 p.m. Wed. Sat.
HK/Hanlon/Hatfield (DC-4)	11.00 a.m. Tue. 3.30 p.m. Wed.	3.30 p.m. Wed. Sat.
HK/Singapore (DC-4)	11.20 a.m. Wed. 6.45 p.m. Thu.	6.45 p.m. Thu.
HK/Manila/B.N. Dornier (DC-3)	7.00 a.m. Tue. Fri. 4.45 p.m. Wed. Sat.	4.45 p.m. Wed. Sat.

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BEN LINE

ARRIVALS

FROM	DUE
"BENVENUE"	U.K. on or abt. 14th May
"BENRECH"	U.K. via Singapore 23rd May
"BENALBANACH"	U.K. via Singapore 5th June
"BENRECH"	U.K. 15th June
"BENRECH"	U.K. 18th June
"BENRECH"	U.K. 6th July
"BENRECH"	U.K. 17th July
"BENRECH"	U.K. 20th July

SAILINGS

TO	LOADING ON OR ABT.
"BENVENUE"	Liverpool, Dublin, Rotterdam and Hamburg 18th May
"BENRECH"	Kure, Kobe and Yokohama 20th May
"BENRECH"	Direct to Singapore, thence Genoa, Liverpool, Glasgow and Antwerp 20th May
"BENRECH"	Direct to Singapore, thence Havre, London, Rotterdam and Hull 16th June
"BENRECH"	Liverpool, Antwerp, Rotterdam and Hamburg 10th June
"BENRECH"	Genoa, Avonmouth, Liverpool and Glasgow 21st June
"BENRECH"	Liverpool, Rotterdam and Hamburg 10th July
"BENRECH"	Direct to Singapore, thence Liverpool, Glasgow and Antwerp 18th July

8 Calls Manila. 8 Calls Cebu, Taiwan and Sandakan. All vessels accept Cargo for Aden, Suez and Port Said.
W. R. LOXLEY & CO., (CHINA) LTD.
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Monty Moonbeam

CHAPTER SIX OF YOUR SERIAL

by ARTHUR HAROLD JACKSON

THE village bully, Ben Beef, who still lay on the ground after having somersaulted into the air when trying to hit Monty Moonbeam, looked up and asked: "Secret? What secret?"

"Well," answered Monty Moonbeam, "it's actually some moon magic."

"Moon magic?" exclaimed the village folk. "Please tell us about it!" "It's better known as S.D.P., or, to give it its full title, Self Defence Protection."

And as you all saw it prevented Ben Beef from being able to strike me."

"My! My!" said the village folk, filled with wonder, "how simply marvellous!"

"G-r-r-r!" sneered Ben Beef. "Well, I don't believe you! There's no such thing as S.D.P.—at least that happened to me was that I just slipped twice!"

Boomerang

The stone sped along, and just as it looked as if it was going to hit Monty Moonbeam on his nose—it very suddenly turned right round—just like a boomerang—and returned to hit Ben Beef, CRACK! on HIS nose!

"Yow! Ooher!" moaned Ben Beef. "All right, I give in. I've had enough! And to the delight of the village folk, he got up and quickly sneaked away."

"Hoorny for Monty Moonbeam!" all the onlookers cheered. "At last, thanks to Monty, we're rid of a frightful bully—and for good we hope!"

Monty Moonbeam beamed with pleasure. "Thank you, my dear friends," he said. "Glad to be of service!"

Time for tea

The village clock suddenly chimed "ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—FIVE."

"Goodness!" exclaimed the villagers. "It's five o'clock already! You must be very hungry, Monty Moonbeam. Why, you have not eaten anything at all since you arrived here!"

"I am rather peckish, actually," answered Monty Moonbeam.

"Well," said the village folk, "how about some Toasted Scenes, Bread and Jam, and a nice cup of Tea?"

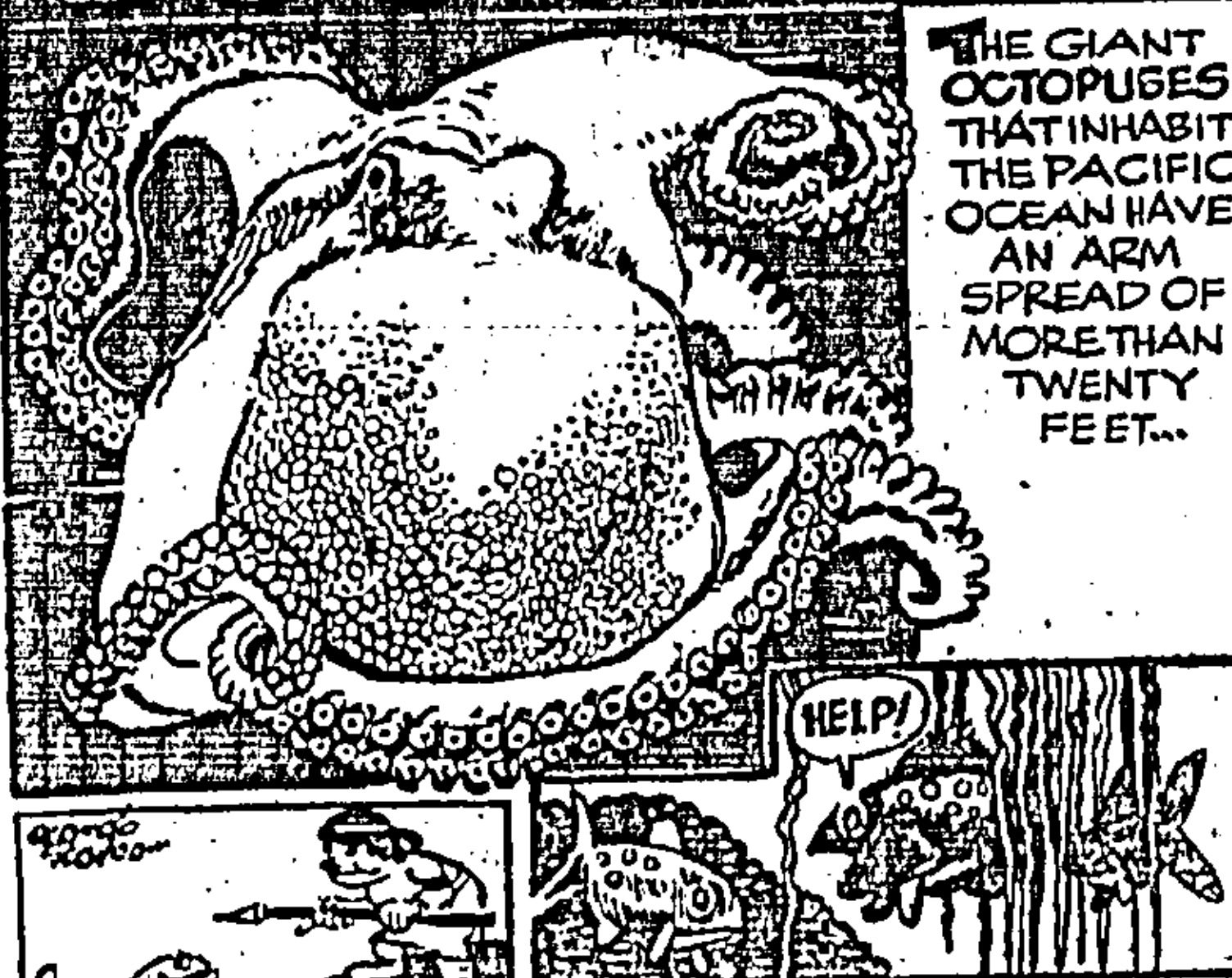
Monty Moonbeam looked very puzzled, and he asked, in a puzzled voice: "Bread and Jam? Cup of Tea? What are they?"

(To be continued)

"Two-In-One"—A Word Game

BY MARION STEVENS AND RITA DEWEY

ZOO'S WHO



THE GIANT OCTOPUS THAT INHABITS THE PACIFIC OCEAN HAVE AN ARM SPREAD OF MORE THAN TWENTY FEET.

THE GILA MONSTER IS THE ONLY POISONOUS LIZARD.

THE STING OF THE PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR CAN BRING DEATH WITHIN A FEW MINUTES. THIS JELLY-FISH IS OFTEN FOUND IN AMERICAN WATERS.

Answers on Page 16

MOUSE HELPS AN OLD ROMANCE

—Wooden Soldier and Paper Doll Are Happy Again—

By MAX TRELL

NO one knew the story of Mouse. And the only reason he knew it was because one night as he was roaming about the attic searching for a crumb of cheese (though he wasn't at all sure he would find it there), he suddenly saw something fluttering off the top of the old dusty table that stood behind the trunk.

At first Mouse thought it was only a piece of paper, for except for a little moonlight that crept under the shade at the window, it was quite dark. But on coming close to the paper he saw to his surprise that it was a paper doll. Though the doll was crumpled now and the bottom of her dress was torn, she still had a lovely face.

Heard Same Sigh

At that moment there was a low sigh. It didn't come from the paper doll. She just lay quietly on the floor, not making a sound. Mouse listened again. A moment later he heard the same sigh again.

Only this time he fancied he could make out a voice saying directly after it: "Oh, my poor little—dear—my—poor—little—dear."

The voice seemed to come from behind an old trunk that no one had bothered to move since it had been brought up into the attic many years before. Making himself as small as he could and taking good care his whiskers did not brush against anything, Mouse made his way between the trunk and the wall. Then all at once he came upon the speaker.

It was a wooden soldier who, long ago, had lived in the playroom with the other toys. Now he was old and almost forgotten. The colours on his uniform that had once been scarlet and blue were almost all faded away. And the musket that he used to carry proudly over his shoulder was broken.

But what Mouse noticed most of all was that the wooden soldier had only one leg. Nevertheless, he still held himself tall and straight, just as he had always done.



"Tell me, is she hurt?" the wooden soldier asked Mouse.

"My poor little dear—is she hurt, Mouse? Tell me, is she hurt? I know she just fell to the floor. And here am I, and I can't help her!"

At first Mouse did not understand. But the next instant he knew that the Wooden Soldier was speaking about the Paper Doll.

"Long ago," the Wooden Soldier explained, "the doll and I lived downstairs in the playroom. What happy days they were! She stood on one side of the mantel over the fireplace, and I stood on the other. She was so beautiful and so frail and so delicate that even the slightest whisper of a breeze from the open window made her flutter."

"All day long I looked at her. How I longed to be right beside her! But no one ever moved us, and we never spoke a word to one another. Then one day, something happened

which I shall never forget. The children came and put me by her side. She was more beautiful than I had ever imagined!"

"Suddenly as I stood there I felt the breeze from the open window. I saw her flutter. I reached out to catch her. She fell! But as she fell, I fell too—and pushed her from the fire. 'Thank you—dear Wooden Soldier. Thank you!' she whispered as the children picked us up."

Log Was Broken

"But, alas, I could no longer stand. My leg was broken in the fall. I was put in the attic here behind this trunk. I thought I should never see my doll's sweet face again. But one day the children brought her here, and put her on the table. Her dress was crumpled and torn but to me she was still as beautiful as ever. I looked at her from behind the trunk and she looked at me from the top of the table. And we were both happy to be together again, even though we were both old."

"And now she had fallen and I cannot see her nor help her. The Mouse felt very moved by the Wooden Soldier's story and, returning to the spot where the Paper Doll lay, carried her gently back to the top of the table."

As he passed the trunk, he thought he could hear the Wooden Soldier's voice: "My dear—we can see each other again... we are together, you and I... my little dear."

And so the Mouse thought—the little paper doll fluttered her hand to her lips and threw the Wooden Soldier a kiss.

Winter Corsage

1. Buy a package of round PLANT TWISTERS and a spool of fine WIRE at a dime store.

2. Gather small SEED PODS, CONES, BERRIES, etc. from the woods.

3. Wind the twisters around the stems.

4. Wind parts together with thin wire.

5. Make a bow from an 18 inch piece of thin RIBBON and wire it to the center of the corsage.

POKE ENDS OF TWISTERS INTO END OF SEED POD

WIND IN CENTER WITH WIRE

ARRANGE THE PARTS THE WAY YOU WISH AND WEAR IT ON A DRESS OR COAT

CUT TWISTERS TO 5 INCHES

Stamp Of The Week

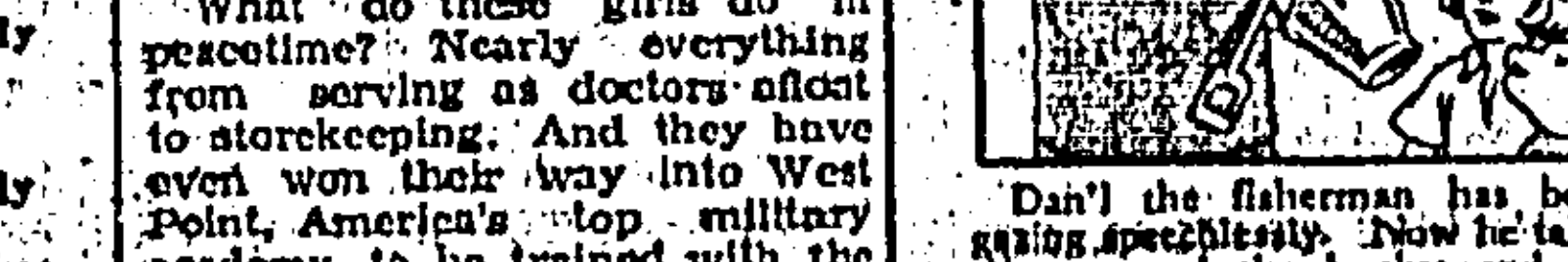
THERE'S something about a soldier, says a rollicking British song. And this new stamp could well be America's reply: "But what do you think of our Service Girls?"

Wonderful girls indeed. The American Service chiefs think so much of the work they do that an appeal has gone out to recruit 12,000 more.

Most intriguing? Well, perhaps, an ex-night club singer, Private Jimmie Nesom, scores there.

In a recent exercise, she broadcast to the "Invading" army. Her sultry voice coaxed many of the troops to desert.

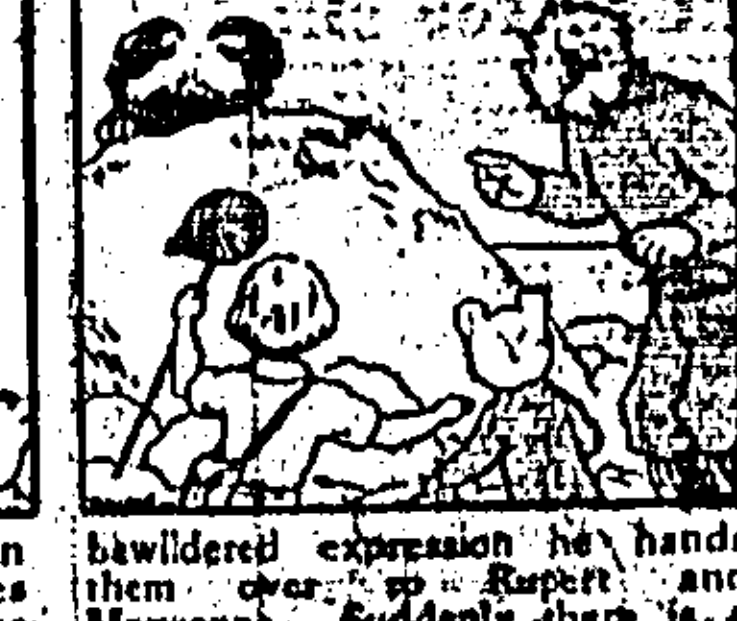
The stamp is face-valued 3 cents; price in London, 3d. Perforation 10 1/2 by 11—J.A.A.



What do these girls do in peacetime? Nearly everything from serving as doctors' aides to stockpiling. And they have even won their way into West Point, America's top military academy, to be trained with the men.

Most exciting job is probably done by Air Force Lieutenant Zilpha Boone, who flies in a combat plane with the 6th Fighter Squadron.

Rupert and Morwenna—43



Dan the fisherman has been giving speeches. Now he takes the net and the bucket and the spade. "It's just the truth," he breathes. "I've got to work for you! No fish could ever bring these things back and stick 'em up on a line like that!"

Another new "Adventure"—

RUPERT and the BOY PIRATE \$1.

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"CANTON"	30th May	30th June
"CORFU"	25th June	27th July

Accepting cargo for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Aden, Port Said & London

FREIGHT SERVICE

Outwards from UK	Due	For
"SUNDIA"	29th May	Japan
Homewards	Sails	For
"SUNDIA"	1st June	Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Suez, Marseilles, Genoa, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Hamburg

With liberty to call at Belawan before or after Straits Ports and at Bombay if inducement offers. Tanks available for carriage of Oil in Bulk. Space for refrigerated cargo. Limited Passenger accommodation.

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"FULTALA"	In Port At	from Japan
	sails 9th May	for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Suez, Marseilles, Genoa, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Calcutta
"SANGOLA"	due 29th May	from Japan
	sails 22nd May	for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Aden, Port Said, Suez, Marseilles, Genoa, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Calcutta

P. & O. B. I. JOINT SERVICE

"OBRA"	due 17th May	from P. Gull
		Karachi, Bombay, Colombo & S'pore for Japan
"OKILA"	sails 18th May	from Japan
	sails 19th May	for Singapore, Penang, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Kowloon, Hongkong, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Suez, Marseilles, Genoa, London, Antwerp, Rotterdam & Calcutta

All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & the route & sailing are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

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